

NOV 1 1910

DETROIT.

The Nation

*Vol. XX., No. 2.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1916.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K. 4d.; Abroad 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	65	Religion and War. By T. M. Pearce ...	83
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		Empty Churches. By P. E. Vizard ...	83
The Psychology of Outrage ...	68	Prohibition in British Columbia. By Oliver Porter ...	84
A Word for Ireland ...	69	Harold Chapin's Letters. By Sidney Dark ...	84
How to Reinforce the Armies ...	70	Deer Forests: Their Multiplication. By A. H. ...	84
Why do Prices Rise? ...	71	POETRY:—	
A LONDON DIARY. By A. Wayfarer ...	72	The Fall of the Zeppelin. By Sir Ronald Ross, K.C.B. ...	84
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By Penguin ...	85
Mankind's Alternatives ...	74	REVIEWS:—	
The Will to Power ...	75	The War we Cannot Wage. By H. W. M. ...	86
MR. BRITTLING SEES IT THROUGH.—XXII. By H. G. Wells ...	76	The Japanese Masque ...	87
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		An Immortal Achievement ...	88
Germany's Conduct of the War. By Joseph Bliss, M.P. ...	80	Knowledge and Work ...	88
The German Chancellor's Speech and Mr. Lloyd George. By F. Mellan Stawell, One of the "Game Dogs," and A Yorkshirewoman ...	81	The Artistic Temperament ...	89
Some Views of Settlement. By Archdeacon Escreet, Emile Burns, and Diplomat ...	82	BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
Nerve-Shaken Soldiers. By Fiat Justitia ...	82	My Life ...	90
		Ocean Traffic and Trade ...	90
		The Roll Call of Serving Women ...	90
		Attila and the Huns ...	90
		Cities in Evolution ...	90
		British Birds ...	92
		A Citizen Army ...	92
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	92

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE war this week has been fruitful in surprises. The United States have suddenly found the submarine war carried to their doors. Greece has been compelled to hand over to the Allies the bulk of her fleet and the control of the Piræus-Larissa railway. Italy has leaped forward on the Carso with a success that is comparable only with the opening stages of her Isonzo battle. And Roumania has withdrawn from the larger part of the Transylvanian territory she had occupied with a speed and security which have suggested to one ingenious correspondent that the whole invasion was a reconnaissance, and was not meant to be more than temporary. The Picardy offensive has been further developed by a British and French advance north of the Somme, and a French success south of the river. The Allies have pushed northward and westward west of the Vardar River, and have cut the Seres railway in Eastern Macedonia. Only in Russia there seems to be no movement; yet in the problem that is being solved rapidly—whether Roumania is to be invaded and overrun—Russia is most immediately concerned. This problem is at present the most important feature of the war, and the events of the past week, while carrying Germany a little nearer the threshold of her desire, have shown her more of the perils of pursuing it.

ROUMANIA still provides the sensations of the war. She overran a third of Transylvania in less than a month, dealing very carefully with the towns which she occupied, and finding little resistance. What she met, she dealt with skilfully and economically; and it is worth noting, perhaps, that she took a greater number of prisoners than she has so far lost. The King has exhibited a ruthless and rapid way of dealing with unsatisfactory officers. Averescu went to the Dobrudja in place of the unsuccessful commander there, and now he has gone back to the second army, which is retiring before von Falkenhayn. But the arresting feature of the recent operations is the remarkable mobility shown by our Ally in difficult country, even when the situation is complicated by the threatening manœuvres of the enemy.

TOWARDS the end of last week the Roumanians gained a success in Northern Transylvania; but German reinforcements were making their appearance in the south, and a battle developed near Kronstadt (or Brasso). The enemy was again successful, and 1,175 prisoners were taken. The German *communiqués* speak of "pursuing" and continuing the pursuit of the Roumanians as though the reverse had been a rout; while it is clear that so small a capture of prisoners is incompatible with a rout. The ground is so difficult that material must be left behind in a retirement, and it is remarkable that more prisoners are not left, too. We quote the German claims, which, presumably, include the abandoned wounded. The peculiar quality of these battles is that our Ally is able to elude the enemy so successfully. We are justified in deducing good discipline and careful handling of the troops.

As a sequel to the battle of Kronstadt, the enemy has attacked the four passes that stand like the fingers of a hand to the south. So far, fighting is taking place in only one, the Törzburg Pass. The Predeal (railway) Pass is being held securely. The Roumanians are retiring in the Buzeu Pass, and have repulsed attacks at the head of the fourth. The German offensive is now taking more definite shape. Only two of the northern passes were involved last week. Six of them have now been attacked. But it is impossible to say whether von Falkenhayn is using only a small force and making it perform the operations of a large army by manœuvring it along the lateral railway north of the frontier, or if he actually has the considerable body of troops required for an invasion of Roumania. So far, everything is consistent with the former assumption; but this gambling warfare will avail little when it is met by a really competent general like Averescu. The invasion may not mature. The Germans seem to be acting very cautiously, and the situation elsewhere is not encouraging. Meanwhile, over the whole Transylvanian front the retreat continues.

ITALY has made her reply to Hindenburg's plan for Roumania. The Trentino, as well as the Isonzo, was the scene of her offensive. The northern slopes of Mount Pasubio have been cleared, and the difficult operation yielded 530 prisoners. On the Eastern front our Ally attacked at two points. South-East of Gorizia a gap was

made in the enemy's line and 861 prisoners were taken; and a three-mile sector on the Carso was carried forward over several successive entrenchments. The battle there was of a violent character, and the action went through several vicissitudes. At the end of the day 5,034 prisoners were left in the hands of the Italians; but 1,400 had been captured by the Austrians. The net result of the fighting was 5,000 prisoners and a small advance for the Italians. The Austrians delivered a series of energetic counter-attacks upon Wednesday. These were repulsed, and then the Italians went forward once more, extending their gains and capturing another 1,771 prisoners. The battle seems to be still in progress. If Italy means to take Trieste this year, she will be well advised to keep up the pressure; but if she does, the Roumanian invasion will probably be made impossible.

THE force at Salonika is also influencing the position in Transylvania. The Bulgars seem to be reinforcing their troops in the Monastir area at the expense of the Struma force. Yet the situation is being developed over the whole front in our favor. The British have cut the Seres railway, and are within a mile or two of the town. The French are attacking and advancing in the neighborhood of Ghevgeli in the Vardar area, and the Allies are slowly driving in upon Monastir. The immediate neighborhood of Monastir is not easily defensible; but the Bulgars have established strong entrenchments and intend to make every effort to hold them. This is all to the advantage of the Allies, who can exert an influence upon the Roumanian situation by a vigorous offensive on Monastir which, apart from the sentimental value set upon it by the Bulgars, has little military value.

THE Franco-British offensive sprang to life again at the end of last week. An attack was made from the Albert-Bapaume road to the Péronne-Bapaume road on Saturday, and the British succeeded in capturing Le Sars. The line was carried forward over the whole front and 410 prisoners were taken. On Sunday the successes were consolidated and developed, and ground was also gained on Monday. The front north of the Somme is now in touch with part of the final defensive line in advance of Bapaume. In connection with the advance on Sunday, when our position was considerably improved north and east of Courcellette, and the outskirts of Le Sars were finally cleared, the German *communiqué* reported that "not the smallest trench element" had been lost. It may be that the Germans hoped to recover these positions, for an attempt was certainly made on Wednesday to the north of Courcellette; but the enemy were caught by our barrage on their parapets, and the attack melted away. Apart from this, no other action was fought on our front, except a number of the trench raids, which are, perhaps, a necessary part of trench warfare reconnaissance, but nevertheless are fruitful in losses. The enemy expects them, and has thought out the counter-move.

AN important success was obtained on Tuesday south of the Somme by the French. They attacked on a three-mile front below Berny. The assault was well prepared and gallantly executed, and the French seized the hamlet of Bovent, part of Ablaincourt, and part of Chaulnes Wood. The result of this small advance is to push out the southern flank of the front of attack so that the northern sector which lies further east, towards Péronne, may be straightened. German counter-attacks on Wednesday were repulsed after hand-to-hand fighting; and Tuesday's operations left the French position

considerably improved and 1,702 prisoners in the hands of our Ally.

THE most important event in Parliament has been the Prime Minister's speech on Wednesday in moving a Vote of Credit for £300,000,000. His review of the war was optimistic, but the interest of the speech was his eloquent re-definition of the general objects of the Allies. The war, he said, with its "long and sombre procession of cruelty and suffering, lighted up as it is by deathless examples of heroism and chivalry, cannot be allowed to end in some patched-up, precarious, dishonoring compromise, masquerading under the name of peace." The war ought not to last for "a single unnecessary day," but the sacrifice of our youth would be useless unless its ends were attained. These were not "selfish" or "vindictive," but they required adequate reparation for the past and adequate security for the future. This is firm language, and it is also vaguer than the country is beginning to want; but it does not call for the second Napoleonic war threatened by Mr. George. The War Secretary's defence of his interview against Mr. Holt's attack was combative, and suggested that there was an occasion for it, and that it expressed the views of the Cabinet. But the question is, what chance was the Cabinet given of expressing those views, whatever they might have been? As to America, we doubt whether a single new fact exists warranting the suggestion that she proposes to offer mediation. The Hague Convention gives her a paper right to propose it, without exposing her to the charge of unfriendly action, and we should have an equal right to decline her services. The only point is whether she has offered them, whether this rebuff in advance is good sense and good policy, and whether Mr. George had any commission from Lord Grey to administer it.

AFTER a brief stay as a guest in American waters, the German submarine U 53, which had carried the Kaiser's letter to Mr. Wilson, has taken to preying extensively on commerce on the frequented routes which lead to New York. She has torpedoed six or seven British and neutral vessels, selecting those of the largest size. Apparently, however, she took care not to commit a decisive act of provocation against America. She spared American ships, attacked no liners, and caused no loss of life. In some cases, perhaps in all, warning was given and sufficient time allowed to lower the boats. The sea was calm, and American ships were standing by. Thus it is doubtful whether Germany has formally broken her pledge to the States, or made a case which must lead to interference. On the other hand, since Mr. Wilson some months ago requested us not to use our cruisers in the neighborhood of the American coasts, he obviously must address the same request to Germany. There is no rule of right in this matter, only a point of courtesy; but clearly the rule must be the same for both sides.

THE terms of reference of the Speaker's Conference and its composition have been announced. It has before it the whole field of electoral reform, including franchise, registration, redistribution, and the incidence of costs. The peculiarity of the terms are that they ask "if possible," for agreed resolutions. If this condition were really to be literally insisted upon, the Conference could do nothing to advance woman suffrage. Taking the records of its members during the period from 1910 to 1913, there are among the British representatives, on our reckoning, fifteen suffragists, two "wobblers," who, under present conditions, may probably be reckoned as suffragists, and eleven decided anti-suffragists. The four

Irish members are quite incalculable; on their past records they include two suffragists, one anti-suffragist, and one member (Mr. T. P. O'Connor) who has always abstained.

* * *

This is, of course, a more favorable balance than the House showed on the last division in 1912, when an angry House punished the militants by defeating the Conciliation Bill, but it is less favorable than the divisions of 1910 and 1911, which showed the normal state of mind during a truce. Some active suffragists are included on the Liberal and Labor side (Sir John Simon, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Aneurin Williams, and Mr. Goldstone), but none of the active Tory Suffragists happen to have been included. The anti-suffragists include several like Sir F. Banbury and Mr. McCallum Scott, whom one does not see under any circumstances accepting an "agreed" resolution.

* * *

WE seem to be advancing to something like a proper pension system by gradual and painful stages. The Parliamentary Pensions Committee has reported in favor of a single pension authority. History has repeated itself, for we have learnt in this case, as in that of munitions and equipment, that it is sheer waste to try to adapt existing machinery to new and overwhelming tasks. Unfortunately, in the course of learning, a great deal of suffering has been inflicted. If all the families who have a grievance against the War Office could meet and combine forces, we should have some idea of the volume of hardship and injustice to which our soldiers and their friends have been exposed. Certainly, if the system cannot be remedied before peace, the Army that returns when the war is over would make its wrongs known.

* * *

At present there are three or four pension authorities, and the machinery with which they work is as elaborate as any machinery that is connected with the War Office is certain to be. The War Office has been accustomed to deal with a small problem, and its passion for "triplicate" and redundant forms has done us great harm. The problem now is a large problem, and simplicity is of the essence of any successful scheme. If War Office methods are applied, confusion and delay are inevitable, and confusion and delay mean that men are cheated of their rights, and that wounded soldiers are reduced to want. The *obiter dictum* of the War Office, that it is administratively impossible to pay a man when he is no longer with his unit, is a sufficient record of its incapacity for such a task as that of administering a pension scheme. Moreover, what is wanted is a department which recognizes that this is a human question, and the War Office has neither the necessary administrative machinery nor the necessary power of transacting business.

* * *

WE have also to remember that this is not a passing difficulty. The business of giving pensions will last long after the war is over, and the urgent and difficult task of providing for the restoration to health and power of mind of thousands of invalided officers and men will occupy our energies for many years. Clearly, then, the sooner the system is put on a proper basis the better, for every day's delay means unnecessary suffering and the aggravation of our difficulties. The case for removing all responsibility from the War Office and setting up an authority equipped with the necessary medical staff is irresistible. We hear of "departmental difficulties," but the nation will have no patience with any Government

that sacrifices the sick and wounded to the jealousies or prejudices of Government servants.

* * *

MR. RUNCIMAN announced on Tuesday that the Government had taken an important step to ensure the maintenance of our wheat supplies. After reciting the different measures adopted since the outbreak of war, and the formation of the Grain Supplies Committee, he stated that the Government had now decided, on the advice of the Cabinet Committee on Food Supplies, to set up a Royal Commission. This Commission will be responsible for the importation of wheat into the United Kingdom. A very large purchase had already been made in Australia, and steps had been taken to provide the necessary tonnage. Last year Australia had had her granaries full, but there were no facilities for transport. Lord Crawford is Chairman of the Commission, Mr. Garrett Anderson, the well-known shipper, is Vice-Chairman, and other members are Sir Henry Rew, of the Board of Agriculture, and the President of the Millers' Association.

* * *

GENERAL SIR PERCY LAKE's dispatch as to the Kut operations between January 19th and April 30th furnishes as depressing reading as the dispatch concerning the last attempt to force the Dardanelles. The difficulties of supply were never overcome in the period under review, and the transport was never equal to the requirements of the situation. Indeed the dispatch points out that the river transport was practically the same as in June, 1915, a fact which makes the advance on Baghdad in November even more amazing. But, making the best of the difficulties and learning from past failures, it was decided, at the end of February, to waste no more time over the Turkish position on the left bank of the river, but to attack by surprise the Es Sinn position on the right bank. The Dujailah Redoubt was to be forced, and the troops would then be in a position to march on Kut. The "utmost vigor" was to be used, since surprise was the only hope. General Keary's column was to attack from the east, General Kemball's from the south. But Kemball's troops did not arrive until an hour after Keary's were ready, and then three hours were wasted by the general in "waiting for the guns to register and to carry out reconnaissances." The Turks had the time they required to bring up reinforcements, and the day was lost. Sir Percy Lake leaves as little cover to General Kemball as did Sir Ian Hamilton to General Stopford, and, indeed, it is difficult to understand how a surprise could ever be achieved if three hours must be spent in such preparation on the spot. We have not the whole of the story yet, but it is a sufficiently chastening account of one of the most ignominious episodes in our history.

* * *

THE demands of the Allies upon Greece have culminated in an ultimatum in which King Constantine is ordered to surrender his fleet, to dismantle the coast forts, and to make over to Allied control some of these forts, the harbor of Piræus and some other ports, and the Piræus-Larissa railway. Of the fleet the bigger ships are to be disarmed and the crews reduced, while the smaller ships must be handed over absolutely. The official telegrams give no detailed explanation or defence of these demands, beyond the vague statement that the movements of Greek ships, the activities of the Reservists' League, and the despatch of artillery and ammunition into the interior arouse fears for the security of the Allied troops. These drastic demands have been quietly accepted under protest by the new non-party Greek Government which Professor Lambros, the popular distinguished historian, has formed to carry on affairs without regard to politics.

Politics and Affairs.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF OUTRAGE.

THE exploits of U 53 in American waters raise two questions of unequal interest. What will Mr. Wilson do about it? is the less exciting query. Why did the Germans do it? raises the whole subject of their present mood and their attitude to peace. The provocation to America, though from some points of view it looks startling and deliberate, seems nicely calculated to fall short of the decisive outrage which might force her to emerge from her neutrality. To carry the war to her coasts, to sink neutral ships within sight of her shores, to "blockade New York harbor," as one American paper puts it, was one of the most challenging actions of the war. But America has made it clear that the boiling point of her indignation would not be reached by any abstract infringement of law or by any injury to property, however wanton. For her the unpardonable offence would be such a loss of life as happened in the sinking of the "Lusitania" and the "Sussex." In these escapades there has apparently been no loss of life. Passenger-liners were not attacked. In some cases (possibly in all) the victims were warned before they were sunk. Since the sea was calm and the waters frequented, this wicked gamble with life may not have been very risky. Even in these relatively mild conditions, the use of submarines for commerce-destruction is not a tolerable or defensible practice. But in estimating the incident, it must be noted that by chance or design the Germans have avoided the perpetration of the worst type of outrage, which would have provoked American patience past all chance of restraint. Whether this affair actually violates the German promise as the Germans intended it or the Americans understood it, we do not know, for the promise itself was equivocal. There has in fact been no cessation of the sinking of British or neutral ships by submarines since the "Sussex" crisis. Liners have been spared, and there has been little or no loss of non-combatant lives, but neutral merchantmen in particular paid heavy toll. The comparative observance of the rules of humanity may stand for some degree of deference towards America. But the great diminution in the activity of these craft is due, we suspect, wholly to the success of our Navy in dealing with them. In short, this last American series is a new fact and a challenging incident, chiefly because it occurred so near to the American coasts, and still more because the U 53 had just been a tolerated guest in an American harbor, which she entered on the pretext that she bore a letter from the Kaiser to the President. What, then, will Mr. Wilson do? We know already that he will not accept the thesis of the recent Note of the Entente Powers, which practically sought to outlaw the submarine in principle, by requiring from neutrals that they should refuse it the hospitality of their ports. It is impossible to guess what eventually will be the status of the submarine in international law—or whether it may not rather "torpedo" any conception of law—but evidently we shall not succeed in carrying any drastic legislation against it while the war lasts. Probably the easiest course for the President would be to say to the Germans what in effect he said to us in the early stages of the war—that America cannot tolerate belligerent operations in her own waters. That is not a claim which has any recognized principle of law behind it, for it is meant to apply far outside the three-mile line, but it is a request which will be readily granted by any Power which desires to stand well with the United States.

Does Germany desire to stand well with the States? Within certain limits it is fairly clear that the German Government does value the good opinion of America. The wild men of the Tirpitz-Reventlow school who were quite willing to add her to the growing list of their declared enemies, and argued alternatively that she would not venture to come in and would be negligible if she did, are probably a small though violent minority. The tone of the Chancellor's speeches, the fall of von Tirpitz from office, the surrender in the "Sussex" case, all go to show that the Government does not wish to antagonize Mr. Wilson. The Government (and, indeed, all Germany) wants an early peace, and though it may have little hope of it, its best chance—perhaps its only chance—of a negotiated peace, lies in an eventual American mediation. In such a situation a statesman of any other nation would assume an attitude of studied courtesy, and would avoid every superfluous cause of irritation. That is not so certainly the German method. Examine the record of German procedure in the last generation, and this fact emerges clearly from it, that even when the German Government certainly did not want war, it commonly combined bullying with cajolery. Its notion of coming to an understanding was usually to bring down the mailed fist with a violent thump upon the table, and then, before the other party had recovered from his surprise and indignation, to suggest a friendly conversation. That is the conception of an effective diplomatic manner which has made the German conduct of foreign policy in the last generation at once detested and unsuccessful. The Tangier visit preceded the proposals for the Algeiras conference, the "shining armor" incident the Potsdam agreement, and the "Agadir" *coup* the final Morocco-Congo bargain. The method, one suspects, is something more than the natural behavior of minds schooled to think continually in terms of force. It is a conscious principle.

Given this inveterate German habit, we should guess that since U 53 has done something disagreeable to America, the next step will be to seek some favor from America. The chances are that U 53, after firing off all her torpedoes, will glide quietly home. The undertaking not to send others on the same errand may be given—with a loophole for evasion. The sequel will be a request of some kind. It may be a reminder that when the U boats were muzzled, the condition was clearly laid down that America should protest effectively against our blockade. It may be, as an alternative, the suggestion outlined in the same "Sussex" despatch, that America should mediate. The calculation is not, perhaps, quite so foolish as it sounds. Two factors prompt America to mediate. One is the disinterested humanitarian motive, the wish to save civilization from total ruin. The other is the fact that in spite of prosperity and war-profits, the war is a nuisance to herself. The Germans, who habitually under-rate the force of disinterested motives, may argue that if the fact that the war is a nuisance were somewhat underlined, the inclination to mediate would grow.

There doubtless were other motives at work. Like every other statesman in this war the German Chancellor has to keep one eye on the enemy across the trenches, and the other on his critics at home. The most docile of all European peoples is plainly in a condition of extreme restiveness. It wants peace, and failing peace it would like victories and food. The victories can perhaps be provided for the moment in Roumania, at the cost of a slow retirement in France, but the food supply cannot be increased, and peace looks distant. The exhortations to subscribe to the last loan tell their own tale. They all assume that there are still reserves of capital which can

be tapped, but they address reasoned and argumentative appeals to two classes of men who are supposed to be holding back their subscriptions for one or other of two contrary reasons—either (1) because they think that the war is not being pushed with sufficient ruthlessness, or (2) because they think that the Government could make peace to-morrow, if it would. The first of these two classes is influenced, of course, by the Tirpitz-Reventlow outcry about the slackening of the war in the air and the war under water. For our part we find it difficult to believe that the abler men who must know something of the facts can really place reliance in these two expedients. The airship has proved itself a hopeless military failure. The submarine is not that, but the effective methods of dealing with it were long ago discovered, and while it can still, with luck, do us some damage, the cost to the *personnel* of the German Navy is too high, and the failure to affect our *moral* as clear in the one case as in the other.

Unluckily for itself, the German Government is the victim of its own fetish. It may not believe in rational democracy, but it deliberately practised the art of managing a mob. It has used three fetishes in this war, the Zeppelin, the U boat, and—von Hindenburg, and two of the three are now a serious embarrassment. It is probable that the Chancellor and the General Staff know quite well that it is vain to put one's trust in airships and submarines. It is probable that this was the reason why the air-raids on England ceased for so long, and the under-water war was checked, though not stopped. But the people called for the old magic, and that is why there are now four confused heaps of aluminium wire lying in four English fields. That, also, is why the harmless and useless though brilliant feat of the merchant-submarine "Deutschland" received such disproportioned advertisement, and it is one of the reasons which dictated the despatch of U 53. We must expect in the future many aberrations of this kind in the policy of the Chancellor, whom we take to be an essentially sober but somewhat weak man. He was overborne by the war-party, in spite of some efforts of his own to save a desperate situation, in those fatal days of July, 1914. He has been at grips with it ever since. On our reading of the situation he is now more nearly victorious than he had ever been before. He has jettisoned von Tirpitz and von Falkenhayn. He has nearly silenced the annexationists. He has even ventured at last to declare, though it was only in a parenthesis, for a durable peace based on international agreements. In what seem to him the essentials he is holding his own. But in the unessentials he condescends to play to the restive gallery. He rails at England in his speeches—a matter of small consequence. But he also consents—though possibly only for the moment—to relapse into "frightfulness." Excesses in the air and under the waters do us no military damage, but they exasperate the national temper, and by so doing compromise the chances of a negotiated peace. The statesman who is at once a good patriot and a good European has in this war two prime duties. The first is, of course, to conduct the war as effectively as he can. The second is to do nothing and to say nothing which can make harder the task of the sober and moderate elements among his enemies. Against this second rule these essays in frightfulness are the most glaring and wanton offence, an offence which works upon our better mind precisely as such utterances as Mr. Lloyd George's interview do upon the better elements in Germany. By such deeds and words the war may be infinitely protracted, and peace, when it comes, poisoned by hatreds which will ruin the hope of a just settlement and postpone for a generation the organization of concord.

A WORD FOR IRELAND.

It is time for the Government and the House of Commons to measure, in the spirit of Mr. Redmond's motion, what they are doing in Ireland. There have been two periods in Anglo-Irish relationships since the war. The first was full of hope and sympathy. For the first time since the Act of Union, Irish Nationalism stood in the main by the side of British Imperialism. An Irish Nationalist leader, taking his life in his hands, proclaimed the British cause as his own, and called for Irish recruits for it. He did so at a period of great difficulty, for Nationalist Ireland had not reached the point of reconciliation between loyalty to the Motherland and loyalty to the Empire, and we, on our side, had greatly abated our political effort to attain it. But he had a quite extraordinary response. The military authorities did little to help him and Sir Hedley Le Bas's later campaign for Irish recruits. Protestants and Nationalists were appointed recruiting officers in purely Nationalist districts. The Recruiting Committee in Dublin was almost entirely composed of Unionists. At a recruiting meeting in Mullingar a local Nationalist remarked that "now that England had given Home Rule to Ireland, it was the duty of all Irishmen to enlist." The recruiting officer rose and said that he could not allow politics to be mentioned. In spite of these follies by the testimony of the Lord Lieutenant, Ireland's direct contribution to the British Armies rose to 157,000 men. The Secretary of the Irish Nationalist League of Great Britain stated that 115,000 Irishmen had been recruited in England, Scotland, and Wales. It is a fair and moderate calculation that if we take this enrolment and add to it the Irish soldiers from the Dominions, the total Irish enlistment must have been at least 300,000 men, more than three times as many soldiers as fought under the British flag in the Battles of the Marne. This was the offer of the scattered and broken Irish race, which is accustomed to attribute its dispersal to the faults of British statesmanship, and which had before it, in 1914, merely the promise without the reality of a revival of its lost liberties. What was our answer? We postponed Home Rule. We replaced the idea of a united Ireland by that of the separation of Ulster, cutting away in the act the flower of Nationalist Ireland. We failed even to negotiate the policy of partition. We substituted a Coalition for a Home Rule Government, coupled with a local Unionist Executive. We did not even give Mr. Redmond the homogeneous Irish force by which he hoped to impart color and individuality to the Irish contribution to the war. Nationalist soldiers were embodied in Ulster or even in Scottish regiments. Having conducted the recruiting campaign without regard to local or national susceptibilities, and having asked Mr. Redmond to do more than any Irish chieftain had ever done before, we reward him by threatening the extinction of his authority with his people. We call for conscription. Our Tory Press accompanies this proposal with the curt warning that its refusal will entail the abandonment of Home Rule, with the inference, plain to every intelligent critic of the primitive instinct it calls its mind, that this is precisely what it wants. To the "Morning Post," the war has at least brought the blessedness of a return to tyranny somewhere. That somewhere happens to be Ireland, which is rather nearer than Belgium.

We need not follow the Irish reaction from this course of British statesmanship. Unwatched and unguided, a very small bit of Nationalist Ireland fell into the follies of Sinn Féin. So that this much reprobated rising might gain the place in Irish feeling which in its

origin it entirely failed to occupy, we stamped its memory with that of martyrdom. The military problem became more difficult. Recruiting fell off, at least to the point of leaving the thinned Irish regiments at the front in danger of serious depletion. Some British politicians and journalists being at pains to show the small respect they entertained for liberty at home and their complete indifference to it in Ireland, the Irish Nationalist committed the grave error of doubting their entire devotion to its cause in Europe. He should have been less sceptical. The Englishman, in Heine's parable, beats his wife but loves her, and the "Morning Post's" attachment to State freedom grows with every land and sea mile that marks the road from London to Berlin. The trouble is that the Irishman, having only seen what England has done to Ireland in the past, lacks the beatific vision in which appears the glory of what it is quite possible she may do in the future. For example, her population is little more than half what it was when the Act of Union was passed. If Ireland will only consent to treat this dwindling treasure as we regard our own abundant and increasing store of men, we might—who knows?—one day accomplish something quite handsome in the way of a grant of Local Government. A Board or two might go, and an Inspector of Constabulary be pensioned off. An Empire with its life at stake, and once set on the path of magnanimity, does not stick at trifles.

Now, we suggest that the reaction in British Government has gone nearly far enough, and that the Prime Minister has an interest in saving the moral case for the war from the ruin that threatens it. The example of Ireland is quite crucial. You cannot nowadays conscript a country against its will. It is an immoral thing to do. But it is also beyond the power of any Government but that of Germany or Russia. There must be some form of democratic administration, and we have only to think of what a tribunal in an Irish agricultural county opposed to the depletion of its one industry would be in order to see that a Conscription Act for Ireland would produce nothing of consequence for recruiting, and would be merely a form of social irritation. The threat of it, coupled with the failure of Coalition statesmanship, has produced the first serious rift in Parliamentary unity since the war began, for quite apart from the special Irish view, men feel that the war for liberty can best be sustained by statesmen to whom freedom is not a word but a principle and practice of government. Mr. Redmond has produced a resolution which challenges the Government's conduct of the Irish question on this very ground of consistency, and his party will act with an independence which, in combination with the Radical-Labor section, constitutes it an Opposition formidable in numbers and ability. The movement must, of course, be subject to the reserves which Mr. Redmond's prudence will impose upon it. But, frankly, the needs of the country call for a free voice in Parliament. There is no other outlet. The bureaucracy grows stronger, narrower, less accessible to the ideas that moved us all two years ago. The Press has become an official organ, and the right of public meeting is now subject, under a new and strange Order in Council, to the qualifications that any violent strain of opinion or feeling can virtually bring it to an end. The increasing force of reactionary opinion does not encourage the hope of an issue to this immense tragedy in harmony with the Prime Minister's original descriptions of British policy. The loss of liberty is continuous; and at one period it looked as if nobody cared whether it went or stayed. If things are to change for the better, it will be because the normal guardians of

British freedom in Parliament are beginning to re-establish their old bonds of association. The purpose is a common one, and vital to European democracy. If we keep conscription out of Ireland, we keep it out of after-war Britain. And in effecting that double salvage of liberty, we shall begin to discover where lies the material of a new Europe.

HOW TO REINFORCE THE ARMIES.

THE war is slowly and insensibly drifting past another milestone, and beyond it the road stretches with that apparent interminableness which marks the space between landmarks when the journey is nothing and the end is all. We are entering the season of the year that is least favorable to major operations, that imposes a thousand checks on the military machine. Our offensive has now been pushed for three months with a measure of success that has blinded men to the fact that victory is still far off. The main lesson that we have learned from the offensive is that we can defeat the Germans, and the main warning is that the achievement will make heavy calls upon our man-power.

It is not irrelevant to examine the latter conclusion more closely. It cannot be denied that we have pushed through the elaborate defensive system which Germany had erected across the Somme front; but neither can it be ignored that we have done so at a considerable cost. A study of the reports from the battlefield in connection with the casualty lists suggests that we are still more a fighting nation than a military power; still more enamored of daring, of attempting the impossible, of matching a man against a machine-gun, than of the plain military plan of always fighting with the odds and not against them; still more responsive to the call of heroism than intent upon the only thing that matters in this grimmest war of history, success. The first way to increase our man-power is to make our present resources go as far as possible. Dead soldiers are of no use to the State. We must be far more intent upon living than upon dying. A most wholesome method of recruitment would be a rapid but careful and impartial inquiry, after each battle, as to the unnecessary losses and the tactics which led to them. To "comb out" the dead would be a far wiser precaution than to "comb out" the living. On them had been spent months of training, and the methods of supplying their loss suggest a further sapping of our resources, and inevitably a waste of time. Men should not be exposed recklessly, should be disciplined to the pitch at which they can be trusted to rest content with a fore-determined objective, should be taught to envelop rather than to storm positions. And along with this parsimonious care of the effectives there should go a drastic sifting of the unproductive or subsidiary services. This would mean a reinforcement as the former would mean a conservation of the firing-line.

But with each process in action we should probably still be met with the cry for more men, and we cannot but think that this depends not a little upon an inference as to our liabilities that is only sound when the Volunteer force is ignored. The estimates which have been given of the yield of some of the expedients suggested for increasing our man-power make it quite clear that if we could absolutely rely upon the Volunteer force, we should have secured an adequate and sufficient reinforcement. Its strength is at present almost equal to that of the Territorial Force (not establishment) on the outbreak of the war. But it can hardly be called an army. This, of course, is not the fault of the Volunteers, who have taken to their work with an enthusiasm that is beyond all praise. But it has, until recently, received little

official encouragement, and has not yet had the care and organization it deserves. Certain influences have been responsible for this neglect, and it is strange that they should entrench themselves behind the very reasons which should lead to the development and thorough organization of the force. Thus, the "Times," in relegating the Volunteers to what it considers their proper sphere, quotes Lord Kitchener's remark: "Is there not some risk of encouraging the diversion of energy from the businesses in which these people are engaged, and which are of importance in the national interests?"

This is the objection to every other form of reinforcing the armies; but it is the precise strength of the Volunteer Force that it could be developed without serious detriment to the industrial and business life of the community, which is as much a part of our military resources as a gun. The Volunteer Force is either a toy, a diversion for the elderly, or it is a definite part of the armed strength of the Empire upon which we can depend "for the defence of the country." If we take into consideration the risk to the country, we are not going beyond the sober truth when we suggest that, properly organized, the Volunteer Force could be completely trusted to defend our shores. But the force would require careful organization. There should be a minimum standard of health and efficiency. Men should only be accepted who would volunteer for the duration of the war, and the recruits should be accepted for all arms and branches of a modern army as in the Territorial Force. Sufficient equipment should be accumulated, and the men, drilled and efficient, should have definite work to do, in relief of trained soldiers; and a definite rôle to play in emergency.

There is no dearth of enthusiasm, and the vast bulk of those at present enrolled are capable and prepared to do all in their power. But the present force could be doubled if all men exempted, for other than health reasons were encouraged to enroll, and were certain that their services would be used. There are, besides, thousands of men over military age who are perfectly fit for all the possible hardships of a defensive campaign in this country. Only a small percentage have volunteered, for reasons we have already set forth. But make it a sort of Landsturm, organize it, drill it, give it the annealing fire of responsibility, and more would voluntarily flock to its standards than would be required. Why should less care go to the training of these men who offer themselves voluntarily than would have to be spent on largely the same material which some propose to enroll by force?

We must realize sooner or later that the needs of the Army have already made serious inroads upon labor. Our power of production is a vital element of our stamina, and we cannot decrease it further without at the same time weakening our fighting power. All calculations upon our available force allow for a considerable proportion of it to be left in this country. If the Volunteer force is developed and made efficient, we can cross out this defence force and thereby obtain a recruitment for the armies in the field equal, at least, to any that could be secured by any other suggested expedient, but with a far smaller disturbance to our general resources. Is it not time to admit that the working of the Military Service Acts has been so incompetent and so ridiculous, compared with its effective yield, that the enemy, and even our Allies, have begun to wonder if we have not reached the limit of our strength? If this be the case, it would be a nice question whether compulsion has not done us more harm than good, even in a military sense.

At any rate, on that careful outlook which takes

into account every possibility, however slight, we require more men. We have a Volunteer force to hand, and we can have practically as many men as we wish, who only ask to be shaped and disciplined into a national defence force. Lord French has used several phrases recently which show that he recognizes its potentialities. It remains for the Government to make use of the material at its disposal which will most rapidly and economically give us an effective reinforcement in the field.

WHY DO PRICES RISE?

In his speech announcing the intention of the Government to control the importation of wheat into this country, Mr. Runciman gave as his first reason for this measure the necessity of maintaining adequate stocks in these islands. The supply of the prime requisite of life for a community drawing four-fifths of that supply from overseas cannot in such a time as this safely be left to private enterprise. The stoppage of the Dardanelles makes Russian wheat unavailable. The shortage of shipping, by the withdrawal of half our tonnage for military and naval work, makes transport difficult, and enormously enhances the freights. The risks of a renewed submarine campaign might at any time cause a grave interruption in shipping. Last, not least, the operations of speculators in America may cause a concerted withholding of supplies in the expectation of a further rise of prices. It is clear that the Board of Trade has been alive to these considerations from the beginning of the war. In 1914 a Grain Supply Committee was formed to purchase and form a reserve of wheat. Early in 1915 the Indian Wheat Committee co-operated with the Indian Government in purchasing and bringing into this country the surplus supplies of the Indian wheat crop. At the end of last year a joint committee of the United Kingdom, France, and Italy took in hand the purchases of wheat, flour, and maize for the forces of the three countries.

While the Government is primarily concerned with providing against a dangerous shortage of supplies, the popular attention is mainly concentrated upon the continued rise of prices, which has this week brought the quartern loaf to tenpence. But, if people imagine that the measures taken by the new Commission are likely to bring a considerable fall of prices, they are doomed to disappointment. Something not inconsiderable may be done to lower freights, so far as British shipping is concerned, and possibly to make better bargains with some neutral shipping. Thus, supplies which are stored in Australia and elsewhere for lack of tonnage may be more rapidly brought into our markets. But we must not build overmuch upon anything the Government can do to effect such an increase of supplies as will check the persistent rise of prices. The bottom fact controlling supplies is the shortage of shipping. If more ships can be got to carry wheat into our ports, instead of carrying other articles, or carrying wheat into other countries, then the risk of a shortage of food is reduced, and prices will fall. But nothing in Mr. Runciman's announcement suggests that this increase of world shipping is available. He does say that tonnage is secured for moving the Australian reserves of wheat. But if this means that ships otherwise available for bringing food supplies from nearer markets are put into the Australian trade, the net advantage of this procedure seems doubtful.

Meanwhile, there is no reason for undue alarm at the high prices. They do not indicate a corresponding shrinkage of supplies of wheat. When we learn that food prices have risen to the extent of 65 per cent. we

must not imagine that this means a great reduction in the purchase and consumption of food by our population. There is no reason to believe that the working classes as a body are consuming less food than usual. On the contrary, it is generally admitted that their standard of material comfort has been raised by an enlargement of the average family earnings (supplemented by allowances) that is even larger than the rise of prices. The figures recently published by the Board of Trade of cereal imports show that the total quantity of wheat entering this country in 1915-16 (September to August) was actually larger than that entering in the twelve months immediately preceding the war, though considerably less than in the year 1912-13. Moreover, the high prices have admittedly stimulated the production of our internal wheat supplies. While, therefore, the Government does well to take measures for securing us against such a temporary stoppage or shortage of supplies as might be dangerous to a country so dependent upon overseas supplies, it cannot be urged that the prevalence of high prices indicates any absolute deficiency of wheat, or of most other foods, for the use of our population. It is no doubt surprising, in view of the strain upon our shipping, that this should be the case; but the weight of evidence is in its favor. The high prices, in other words, are due mainly, not to any restriction of supply, but to an increase of demand as expressed through purchasing power. If there is any shortage of food supplies for the civil population, it is due to the enormous purchases for the armies. This certainly explains the immense rise in the price of imported meat.

But, even as regards meat, there is good reason to believe that the working-classes in this country are consuming at the higher prices more, and not less, than they consumed before. The popular notion that combinations of farmers, middlemen, and retailers are artificially holding up prices in order to make excessive profits has probably some foundation, especially in dairy produce and coal. But it is hard to bring home the charge, as the Committee upon the Coal Supply discovered. Moreover, it is not easy to deal with it when it does take place. It is quite easy to say, "Let the Government fix maximum prices." But to enforce this rule without inflicting more injury than you care is the crux. Mr. Runciman said something to suggest that the ultimate consumers were to reap the benefits of the lower freights he would impose upon British shipping. But if he is to secure this object, he will probably be forced to extend his Government control of imported wheat to the control of the home market and the dictation of maximum prices for retail bakers. He will then discover that wheat and flour no longer move freely over the whole area of the national market, but are held for rises of the maximum price, or that millers suspend their operations because the margin allowed between the price of wheat and that of flour does not satisfy them.

So with the carriage of wheat and the baking. Unless the Government controls and actually administers all the processes connected with the supply of bread to the consumer, its policy is liable to be thwarted at a dozen different stages. It was this experience early in the war which compelled the German Government to take over the entire supply and sale of corn and meat, and to administer it by fixed rations. In Germany this was perhaps necessary, because there was some real failure of supplies. But in this country we are reduced to no such straits. If the Government can, by foreign purchases and control of transport, bring more food into this country, and if they can stop any artificial enhancement of prices, well and good. But the mere

fact that prices have risen and are still rising, must not be allowed to govern our policy.

For the chief direct cause is undoubtedly the inflation of the currency, due to the immense borrowing of the Government for the conduct of the war. These finance operations, while bringing into existence no appreciable increase of actual goods, place at the disposal of the Government huge quantities of purchasing power which it proceeds to exercise in the markets. More money applied for the purchase of supplies of goods no larger than before means enhanced prices. It is foolish, therefore, to keep on girding at shippers, farmers, dealers, and retailers, for trying to load war-profits on to the retail price while ignoring the primary efficient cause of the general rise of prices which is going on in this and every other country where an embarrassed Government practises or encourages the inflation of credit and currency. More taxation, less borrowing, and a confinement of such borrowing as is needed to the honest savings of the public, instead of stimulating bankers and financiers to manufacture paper credit in order to subscribe to loans and purchase Treasury Bills, this is the true method of financing the war. If it were adopted, there would be more real economy in the national consumption, and the rise of prices would be checked.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

WORDS do not win wars or save countries; but there is a difference between good words and bad words, common words and words of distinction, when statesmen use them. I think the House of Commons marked this difference between the Prime Minister's speech of Wednesday and the Lloyd George interview. When you speak of great and sad events, you should speak in keeping and harmony with them, and this is what Mr. Asquith did. His new formula does not indeed carry us very far, but it is on the whole the best we have had from his lips. Its careful balance was generally marked. The Peace is not to be a dishonoring compromise, *but* in seeking it we must not prolong the war for "a single unnecessary day." Its ends, again, must not be "vindictive," or "selfish," *but* they must include "reparation" and "security." The political arrangements they seek cover "protection" for the weak States, and "free development" for "all the States," great or small. This, again, would seem to imply (a) full rehabilitation of the invaded countries, and (b) an extension of national rights, without an infringement of economic ones. Does not this equally bar out the whole field of German aggression and the trade boycott, which is the extremist answer to it?

COMPARE this with the Georgian interview. I dismiss the suggestion that it was a Cabinet utterance, or I shall so dismiss it until Mr. Lloyd George tells the House of Commons in plain terms that it bore this character of previous submission and approval. It is easy to say that its "opinions" expressed those of the Cabinet, of the War Committee, and of our military advisers. What opinions? No one would seek to rob Mr. George of full credit for the incomparable form of the "interview." Mr. George's style is his own, and the Cabinet is not a Committee of Taste. What of his matter? Pre-

sumably, if Lord Grey (whose name is omitted from Mr. George's catalogue of assent) had thought it necessary to warn off a neutral country from mediation, he would have done so, instead of choosing the Secretary for War as his mouthpiece. The suggestion, says Mr. George, was a "timely" one. For what reason? Has America then deviated from her perfectly correct attitude that any offer of mediation on her part would depend on whether the belligerents wanted it? Mr. George does not say so; indeed, Mr. Trevelyan drew from him the useful admission that he had no objection to the scheme of an American after-war guarantee of peace. Has he an equal objection to the offer of a good peace coming at the proper time through a neutral Power? If not, one sees little relevance in this "public" report of a merely "private" conversation, which yet so happily expressed the interior mind of the Ministry and of all our Allies.

AND how vital it is that the utterance of the country at such a time as this should be an utterance of wisdom! "Much depends on the wisdom of England," said an important public man to me. There lie before me some extracts from Italian writers and journalists, including one by the historian *Giuglielmo Ferrero*, published in the "Messaggero," a vigorous supporter of the war. All lay stress on the necessity of a moderate, prudent British attitude. Signor Ferrero compares the three days' battles of Waterloo with the months of battles initiated in July on the Somme, and suggests the terrible chaos (*un caos immenso*) into which Europe will be plunged by an indefinite prolongation of the war. Therefore, he says, Europe expects much from England—in the way of military and political help. This is the note of most of the writing. Regard must be had to those smaller European nations whom the war threatens to wear out altogether. "Thus the eyes of all thinking men are turned on England, trusting in her wisdom," and to her ability to keep European civilization in being in its weaker and older centres. That is not exactly an invitation to a second series of Napoleonic wars.

THE air of politics, meanwhile, is thoroughly agitated. "What is the German situation?" is a question round which all our own difficulties revolve. Economically, I can hardly doubt that it is rather worse than we generally assume it to be. If the fortunes of a people are reflected in their temper, a recent visitor who failed to see a smile on a German face, to set off the evidence of real privation in German housekeeping—graded down from discomfort to want—was a prophet of a not distant tender of peace. Is that politically probable? So far, the Chancellor hesitates to accept the policy of "no annexations," now pressed on him equally by the majority and the minority in the Socialist Party, and reserves "a buffer state," or "something in Belgium." But at the same time the Government allow meetings—crowded and enthusiastic meetings—to be held all over Germany, and to pass resolutions—unanimous resolutions—in favor of Scheidemann's terms—France for the French, Belgium for the Belgians, Germany for the Germans. All, therefore, is in solution. Much the same may be said of the military situation. Many think the question of moral to be already settled in our favor in the West, and to be so marked an advantage, and so decisive of the spirit of our and the French armies, as to make the general decision in the West certain and proximate. Others accept this view, but put its realization back to the spring, mainly

on the ground that the troops must be spared, and the scheme of advances be gradual. What of the psychology of our own folk? The material and method of their thought are necessarily vague, but it exists. I thought it well reflected by a northern journalist in a great centre of munition-making. "If," he said, "the town heard that we had asked for peace, there would be trouble; but if the news was that Germany had made a good offer it would go mad with joy."

ONE may at least expect precision from the "New Statesman," but that is hardly the mark of a strange suggestion in its last week's number that the Board of Trade had made no wholesale purchases of meat or wheat chartered in ships, and had left to the War Office the supply of meat for the Army. I thought it notorious that in all these cases the action which the "New Statesman" denies to the Board of Trade had actually been taken by it. It has bought all the frozen meat consumed by the armies, and a good deal of the frozen meat eaten by civilians. It has made great wholesale purchases of wheat. It has chartered ships; and it is news to me that in this action it has been at daggers drawn with the War Office. Mr. Runciman's eminent service to the country has been little advertized; but that is no reason why it should be ignored or misrepresented.

By the death of General Philip Howell (killed in France) the Army has lost one of the officers it could least spare. He was at once an attractive and a marked personality. To keenness in military affairs, he united a very unusual knowledge of international politics, especially in the Balkans. He had travelled in various Balkan States off and on for the last thirteen years, and his experience was of immense value to the Army at Salonika when he was Chief of the Staff there to General Mahon last winter. One of his ideas for shortening the war ("by six months," as he used to say) was to attempt to revive part of the Venizelist plan, and bring Bulgaria over to our side by concessions following nationalist lines. It was an admirable proposal, for Howell knew the sterling value of the Bulgarian peasants (as apart from the Bulgarian rulers), and also knew the vital importance of interrupting the line of communications between Berlin-Vienna and Constantinople. But by some dubious act of treachery, the proposal was betrayed, one or two fanatics and mischief-makers raised an outcry, and for some reason, again dubious, Howell was recalled and sent to France, where his special knowledge of the Near East was thrown away, and now his life has been thrown away also. As his Corps Commander has said, his death will be felt as a grievous personal loss by all who were associated with him.

I SAID the other day I had not seen a picture of the war from the front which made it live in the imagination. I suppose the event is too great, or the recorders not quite great enough. But I have before me a small sketch of a lesser conflict, Mr. James Stephens's story of the "Insurrection of Dublin," which seems to me as near perfection as can be. It is so simple that lovers of "fine writing" will pass it by, and its merit appeals especially to knowledge of Dublin and the Dublin temper. But it seems to me to give that correspondence between the inner and the outer that (when the medium is fine or humorous or both) makes the charm of literature. Some of the political moralizing reads a little absurdly; but the book is a gem.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

MANKIND'S ALTERNATIVES.

THAT excellent writer, Mr. Prevost Battersby (himself an ex-officer and distinguished war correspondent, who has seen much of this and other wars) has lately raised a striking appeal in the "Observer." He has appealed for an international agreement to abandon flying in peace and war. It is an extreme demand, but he urges that the need is also extreme. He foresees that within the next few years science will have invented airships capable of carrying tons of such high explosive that a single bomb dropped in the centre of a largish town will utterly destroy the whole of it. In another war such as the present, all the monuments of urban civilization will be wiped out. All churches, libraries, galleries, museums, and works of art will be obliterated for ever. Hospitals, town-halls, Houses of Parliament, factories, and shops will mingle their ruins with the mansions and the slums. Rome, Venice, Canterbury, and Oxford will become as Ypres, and the inhabitants of every city dwell in perpetual dread of a doom as sudden and terrible as Messina's earthquake.

It is no good trying to laugh the appalling vision away, or to make light of destruction's chance. "Archies" may increase their range; aeroplanes may swarm round the giant airship like submarines and destroyers round a Dreadnought; still, every now and then, a bomb will strike home and a city be laid flat. Reformers may advocate the demolition of modern dwellings, Futurists applaud the disappearance of obsolescent art; still, this method is expensive, and there are better ways of clearing a hive than by burning the bees. That the thing will happen in the next war, or in this if it is prolonged as many comfortable prophets desire, there is not the smallest doubt. Mr. Battersby's appeal for an international agreement will be as vain as Mr. Galsworthy's less violent proposal when flying still was young. It will be as vain as international agreements themselves have been proved; vain as, during the Boer war, was Thomas Hardy's appeal for an international agreement not to bring horses under fire. If the cavalry or gunners ever heard of such an appeal, they smiled at the whim of tender-hearted genius. So airmen now will smile. That nations by general consent should abandon "the conquest of the air," the grandest invention of time—abandon the joy of traversing the vast inane like eagles, or falling over and over like tumbler pigeons in the sky, of compassing land and sea without a pause, of spying out the enemy, assaulting his batteries, his stations, and ammunition works, of photographing his lines, and by "wireless" signalling to our guns the map's numbered square upon which to pile the shells! It is not likely. This war has proved that, when it comes to war, no means of slaughter are too foul to be used, no pledge too solemn to be broken, and no international agreement too strong to be torn up.

But what are people going to do about it? Are they going to allow their cathedral domes, church steeples, campaniles, clock towers, fire-stations, schools, colleges, banks, and domestic architecture to fall about their ears and bury them in the ruins whenever kings and diplomatists give the word and let loose the birds of war? Destruction by airship is only part of an immeasurably vast destruction. If the seeds of future wars which are now being sown bear their natural fruit, and the present war is succeeded by another still more destructive in every generation, Europe within a century

will be hardly inhabited and hardly habitable. So far as diplomacy goes, the supposition is quite probable. With all the frontiers of Europe in fusion, there will always be some "Power" watching to grab someone else's bit, or grabbing it. Hatred and vengeance, we are told, must be nourished eternally; but we cannot be sure that friendships and alliances will remain eternal also. At that rate, war may come, as we supposed, once in every generation, and the theologians who proclaim that the human blood shed in war is as efficacious for redemption as the blood of Christ, may confidently expect salvation.

After the third or fourth war (each on a scale of increasing terror) the population of the Continent and these islands will be considerably reduced. No matter how rigorously we enforce polygamy, we cannot kill off the possible fathers of each generation by the million without diminishing the number of babies. As to the state of Europe, the frontiers claimed by each country will be marked by a complicated series of trenches in three broad lines, about twenty-five miles apart, equip with steel entanglements, spiked as the old *chevaux de frise*. These trenches will be garrisoned night and day, and any civilian caught in their neighborhood will be shot at sight. Huge tracts of land, hitherto the most fertile, will remain uncultivated, the soil being thick with iron fragments and poisoned with acids and gas. Passports will render travel rare, and tariffs extinguish international trade. Cities, whether fine or foul, will be reduced to ruins such as archaeologists once loved to germanize over. People will live chiefly underground, communicating by Tubes. Militarism surpassing the Prussian, and police surpassing the Russian, will rule in every land, and a Defence of the Realm Act, established in perpetuity, will deprive all other nations, like ourselves, of every liberty, rendering the mention of such words as "peace" or "freedom" a treasonable and capital offence. Training for war will be the only education, and contracting for war the only profitable pursuit, outside the Government.

Unhappily, this is no fanciful picture, but the natural result of the present and future wars, if nations allow themselves to be befooled as in the past. For there will always be enough bloodthirsty civilians, courageous editors at home, politicians past military age, gallant ecclesiastics, and scarified invalids to drive them along the road to human perdition. The tale of war soon becomes mythical, and the inexperienced long for its repetition—"a-tiptoe with excitement, because they know not what war means," as the Greek historian said. Even to-day the first thrill both of amazement and ennobling purpose is dulled. Many grow acclimatized to a "perpetual Chamber of Horrors." Some, at a distance from danger, plume themselves upon surviving into such vital days. For, as the Religious Physician says, "To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity."

What, then, is to be done? Must we assume the gradual degradation of man, who, as Mephisto said to the Lord, has used the heavenly light of reason only to become more bestial than the beasts? Or must we assume man's gradual extermination, leaving this planet for elephants to develop in finer evolution than the ape has contrived? In an admirable pamphlet called "Never Again" (Allen & Unwin), Edward Carpenter raises the question:—

"The time has come—if the human race does not wish to destroy itself in its own madness—for men to make up their minds as to what they will do in the

future. . . . The rapid and enormous growth of scientific invention makes it obvious that Violence ten times more potent and sinister than that which we are witnessing to-day may very shortly be available for our use—or abuse—in War."

On the other hand, he is confident that the rapid growth of interchange and understanding among peoples is daily making warfare and its inevitable barbarities more abhorrent. The question is, which of these tendencies mankind is going to follow; and if most people would prefer the preservation of the race and its advancement, how are they to secure those objects? For it is obvious that the present systems of government and diplomacy are failing to secure them.

Bearing last century's optimism in his bones, Edward Carpenter has no doubt as to mankind's choice and the possibility of realizing it, even though its fulfilment may imply enormous revolutions in thought, habit, and society. With his natural simplicity, often disconcerting to the many who expect eloquent denunciations or abstract formulæ from a prophet, he follows out his design. In a litany of appeal against all the abominations of the war, he calls upon mankind to resolve that this shall not be again. He appeals by the sorrowing families throughout Europe, by the sufferings of Poland and the Russian Jews, by the agony of Serbia and the despair of Belgium, by the five or six millions of young men already slain, by the multitudes of women manufacturing man-destroying explosives, by the faces terrified with shell-shock, by the silent stupefaction of wives and mothers picturing a death which cannot be pictured:—

"By the curses of the tender-hearted friend who collects in No-man's-land between the lines the scattered fragments of his comrade's body—the dabs of flesh, the hand, the head he knows so well, a boot with a foot still in it—and puts them all together in a sack for burial."

By the beaches at Gallipoli (so the litany continues), by the bodies thrown into the sea ("and each poor body, for all its loathsome state, so loved, so loved by someone far away"), by the growth of science always making war more devilish, by the hardness of heart bred by Commercialism, by the huge dividends of Armament Firms, and their international agreements to cozen even their own governments, by the treacherous warfare of ordinary industrial life. So the litany proceeds with its lists of abominations and indictments, each leading up to the resolve, "This must not be again!"

As to proposals called "practical," Edward Carpenter puts forward various definite points—a European Federation, beginning with the western countries; the abolition of Conscription (for without Conscription this war could not have happened); the peeling off the old husks of the diplomatic, military, legal, and commercial classes, with their antiquated, narrow-minded, and profoundly irreligious and inhuman standards. Like all true prophets he looks to change of heart rather than change of machinery. Hard as our ecclesiastics may try to depreciate Christian morality, he still looks to it, almost with the fervor of a Conscientious Objector (though he would not refuse to fight on occasion). He looks to it, not because Christ taught it, but because it seems a road to man's deliverance. But what distinguishes him from the prophets of lamentation is his recognition how little the hearts of most of the common soldiers now fighting in all the nations stand in need of change. What magnanimity, as he says, in the British Army's spirit, what simplicity of mind, unself-consciousness, concentration, good-temper, and absence of hatred! In the common ranks of France, Germany, and the other belligerents, he finds characteristic but similar evidences of spiritual greatness. If such

greatness could but see the path to safety and order, it might, perhaps, take it, though at the cost of bitter struggle and upheaving change. The alternative to such revolution is, indeed, too appalling even for the most conservative and pessimistic mind.

THE WILL TO POWER.

WHEN the plain, practical man expresses his distrust of theorizing and abstractions, the philosopher is wont to smile in his superior way and to impute this distrust to intellectual indolence, a narrow regard for utilities, or to sheer stupidity. But this judgment is not quite fair. For the plain man's suspicion that, when we get away from solid facts into regions of high generalization, we are likely to become the victims of private prepossessions and desires, is not unwarranted. He does not, indeed, claim to be able to fasten on the exact point of error, but he has a keen sense of what those light-fingered gentry are after, with homely wisdom about "the proof of the pudding" to support him. When, for example, he sees professors and other intellectual men building up beautiful structures of political economy which magnify the services of mill-owners and bankers and inculcate thrift, industry, and contentment for the working-classes, he knows quite well what to make of it. He treats it no more seriously than he does the Socialist counterblast of "surplus value" and capitalistic exploitation. He knows what such theories are for, and, shrewd fellow that he is, winks his eye. You try to persuade him that political economy is a disinterested science. But he feels tolerably sure that these theories, formulas, and laws, are fitted into the facts, selected, rejected, or distorted for the purpose, by men whose minds are consciously or unconsciously biassed by class, trade, or individual interests and points of view. That is why political economists have never succeeded in obtaining the really authoritative status which they feel themselves to deserve, even in this country, the cradle of their science.

The case of political philosophy is not less instructive. But for this case we must turn to Germany. For the home-made theorizing upon politics in this country has been of a comparatively humble order, concerned for the most part, in its main current from Locke to Spencer, with assertions of individual liberty and limitations of the State, which have always kept a pretty close eye on the practical needs of the time. This is partly, no doubt, because the "genius for government" which we boast ourselves to possess has been an instinctive art rather than a science, and has had little concern with those more elevated speculations which belong to general philosophy. For such modern speculations the world has looked to Germany, where philosophers abound and where high thinking has set itself with long persistency to mature a conception of the State which, descending from its metaphysical heights, suddenly threatens to overwhelm the common world of ordinary men and women. Since the outbreak of the war plenty of our patriotic intellectuals have spent their energies in punching this German theory of the State, with its absolute claims upon the individual citizen and its absolute denial of the claims of other States, even to the elementary rights of life and liberty. But, to tell the truth, there has always seemed to us something rather *gauche* and ridiculous in these heated exposures and vituperations of belligerent philosophers. The thing can be far better done by a more disinterested spectator. Nothing written in this country approaches in illuminative power the series of brief studies just published by Professor Santayana, of Harvard, under the title

"Egotism in German Philosophy" (Dent). It is a subject well suited to the wit and learning of the most brilliant of living American thinkers. Professor Santayana, by a number of swift, penetrating glances, shows us how the whole elaborate and pompous fabric of German transcendentalism, with its misty abstract formulas, has been evolved as the romantic decorative clothing of the naked lust of power which is at once the strength and failing of the natural man. The unconscious cunning of the process is seen in its indirectness and intricacy. The subjective idealistic character taken by this thinking in its earlier formation seemed as far removed as possible from the gospel of State absolutism it was designed to serve. Goethe, its early exponent in the world of literature and art, had no more notion of the use to which his romantic subjectivism was to be put than had Luther and the great Protestants when they claimed the right of private judgment for each person and the submission of authority to the light of personal religious experience. Kant, in laying the intellectual foundations of this idealism, was as far removed as any man from the intention of supplying grist to the mill of the rising Prussian State. His ardent pacifism and cosmopolitanism furnish, indeed, a fine humor to the movement of which so serious a thinker was, in the last resort, an unconscious and unwilling tool in the hands of a strong practical demand that ranked as national destiny. Professor Santayana, however, traces in Kant, as earlier in Leibnitz, the unmistakable seeds of an egotism which, claiming first that the whole world is in reality constructed according to a pattern imposed by the private inner intelligence or will, comes afterwards to claim that the whole value of life and the justification of conduct is to be found in this free expression of the right to think and make one's world for oneself.

It took a long time and a wearisome amount of high-altitude philosophizing to secure the claims of this egotism and to lift it from the individual to the collective plain, so as to establish supremacy for the State. Nor can we quite perceive, even with the skilled assistance of Professor Santayana, precisely how this passage from private to State absolutism was achieved. That it was not, indeed, secured without difficulty appears in the stubborn survival of the narrower egotist theory as expressed by such writers as Max Stirner. But Hegel, perhaps the most mischievous of all modern intellectuals, seems to have furnished for already well-drilled and patriotic German minds the necessary bridge by which they were induced to substitute the will of the absolute State for their own, and to believe that in this bondage they were getting perfect freedom. For Hegel's transcendentalism, not content with stimulating a romantic egotism of the imagination by subjecting history and nature alike to a subjective interpretation that was really a subtle love of self, formally erected the life of the State as the moral standard, the God on earth.

At first sight there seems something rather noble in the substitution of service to the State for individual happiness. But self is a very subtle creature, especially in its philosophizing. And the clue to the whole entanglement is found in the selection of "Will" as the driving force in the great drama. To endow this organic urge, the will to live, to grow, to exercise power, with a sort of spurious "right" or "authority," and to mobilize this originally individual egotism under the banner of a State has been the task of the historians and political philosophers who have figured most prominently in the modern intellectual life of Germany. It is this specific trend of doctrine, in which the will to live becomes the will to dominate the will of others, while the idealism easily slips into the most abject materialism,

that occupies the mind of Professor Santayana. His observations upon the latter phenomena are well-pointed.

"It is no paradox that idealists should be so much at home among material things. These material things, according to them, are the offspring of their spirit. Why should they not sink fondly into the manipulation of philological details, or chemical elements, or over ingenious commerce and finance? Why should they not dote on blood and iron? Why should these fruits of the spirit be uncongenial to them?"

As by this consecration of the individual will to power it is easy to blossom out into the extravagances of Nietzsche's blond beast and superb immoralist, so on the political plane, the strong, relentless, domineering, and aggressive State emerges, as an object of worship and an instrument whereby, under the guise of public spirit and self-sacrifice, the persistent lust of individual egotism finds proud satisfaction.

Regarded alike from the standpoint of thought and of action, this teaching is a powerful reassertion of what Professor Santayana calls "heathenism."

"In various directions at once we see to-day an intense hatred and disbelief gathering head against the very notion of a cosmos to be discovered, or a stable human nature to be respected. Nature, we are told, is an artificial symbol employed by life; truth is a temporary convention; art is an expression of personality; war is better than peace, effort than achievement, and feeling than intelligence; change is deeper than form, will is above morality. Expressions of this kind are sometimes wanton, and only half-thought-out; but they go very deep in the subjective direction. They mark an honest retreat into the immediate experience and animal faith. Man used to be called a rational animal, but his rationality is something eventual and ideal, whereas his animality is actual and profound. Heathenism, if we consider life at large, is the primal and universal religion."

One important qualification is required. Not all German thought, not, perhaps, its greatest volume, has run along these channels. But these thinkers have been selected for survival, pre-eminence, and popular appeal, because their ideas were felt or seen to be utilizable by the bold conspiracy of strong practical men, statesmen, business potentates, officials, who understand the importance of spreading ideas and sentiments favorable to their designs and to the maintenance of their power.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. WELLS.

(Continued from page 17.)

BOOK III.

The Testament of Matching's Easy.

§ 13.

Letty stood by the window as close as she could to Teddy in a world that seemed wholly made up of unexpected things. She could not heed the others, it was only when Teddy spoke to the others, or when they spoke to Teddy, that they existed for her.

For instance, Teddy was presently talking to Mr. Direck.

They had spoken about the Canadians, who had come up and relieved the Essex men after the fight in which Teddy had been captured. And then it was manifest that Mr. Direck was talking of his regiment. "I'm not the only American who has gone Canadian—for the duration of the war."

He had got to his explanation at last.

"I've told a lie," he said triumphantly. "I've shifted my birthplace six hundred miles."

"Mind you, I don't admit a thing that Cissie has ever said about America—not one thing. You don't understand the sort of proposition America is up against. America is the New World, where there are no races and nations any more; she is the melting pot, from which we will cast the better state. I've believed that always—in spite of a thousand little things I believe it now. I go back on nothing. I'm not fighting as an American either. I'm fighting simply as myself. . . . I'm not going fighting for England, mind you. Don't you fancy that. I don't know I'm so particularly in love with a lot of English ways as to do that. I don't see how anyone can be very much in love with your Empire, with its dead-alive Court, its artful politicians, its lords and ladies and snobs, its way with the Irish and its way with India, and everybody shifting responsibility and telling lies about your common people. I'm not going fighting for England. I'm going fighting for Cissie—and justice and Belgium and all that—but more particularly for Cissie. And anyhow I can't look Pa Britling in the face any more. . . . And I want to see those trenches—close. I reckon they're a thing it will be interesting to talk about some day. . . . So I'm going," said Mr. Direck. "But chiefly—it's Cissie. See?"

Cissie had come and stood by the side of him.

She looked from poor broken Teddy to him and back again.

"Up to now," she said, "I've wanted you to go."

Tears came into her eyes.

"I suppose I must let you go," she said. "Oh! I'd hate you not to go."

§ 14.

"Good God! how old the Master looks!" cried Teddy suddenly.

He was standing at the window, and as Mr. Direck came forward inquiringly he pointed to the figure of Mr. Britling passing along the road towards the Dower House.

"He does look old. I hadn't noticed," said Mr. Direck.

"Why, he's gone grey!" cried Teddy, peering.

"He wasn't grey when I left."

They watched the knickerbockered figure of Mr. Britling receding up the hill, atlas and papers in his hands behind his back.

"I must go out to him," said Teddy, disengaging himself from Letty.

"No," she said, arresting him with her hand.

"But he will be glad—"

She stood in her husband's way. She had a vision of Mr. Britling suddenly called out of his dreams of God ruling the United States of the World, to rejoice at Teddy's restoration.

"No," she said; "it will only make him think again of Hugh—and how he died. Don't go out, Teddy. Not now. What does he care for you? . . . Let him rest from such things. . . . Leave him to dream over his atlas. . . . He isn't so desolate—if you knew. . . . I will tell you, Teddy—when I can. . . ."

"But just now—No, he will think of Hugh again. . . . Let him go. . . . He has God, and his atlas there. . . . They're more than you think."

CHAPTER THE SECOND

MR. BRITLING WRITES UNTIL SUNRISE.

§ 1.

It was some weeks later. It was now the middle of November, and Mr. Britling, very warmly wrapped in his thick dressing-gown and his thick llama wool pyjamas, was sitting at his night desk, and working ever and again at an essay, an essay of preposterous ambitions, for the title of it was "The Better Government of the World."

Latterly he had had much sleepless misery. In the day life was tolerable, but in the night—unless he

defended himself by working, the losses and cruelties of the war came and grimaced at him, insufferably. Now he would be haunted by long processions of refugees, now he would think of the dead lying stiff and twisted in a thousand dreadful attitudes. Then again he would be overwhelmed with anticipations of the frightful economic and social dissolution that might lie ahead. . . . At other times he thought of wounds and the deformities of body and spirit produced by injuries. And sometimes he would think of the triumph of evil. Stupid and triumphant persons went about a world that stupidity had desolated, with swaggering gestures, with a smiling consciousness of enhanced importance, with their scornful hatred of all measured and temperate and kindly things turned now to scornful contempt. And mingling with the soil they walked on lay the dead body of Hugh, face downward. At the back of the boy's head, rimmed by blood-stiffened hair—the hair that had once been "as soft as the down of a bird"—was a big red hole. That hole was always pitilessly distinct. They stepped on him—heedlessly. They heeled the scattered stuff of his exquisite brain into the clay.

From all such moods of horror Mr. Britling's circle of lamplight was his sole refuge. His work could conjure up visions, like opium visions, of a world of order and justice. Amidst the gloom of world bankruptcy he stuck to the prospectus of a braver enterprise—reckless of his chances of subscribers.

§ 2.

But this night even this circle of lamplight would not hold his mind. Doubt had crept into his last fastness. He pulled the papers towards him, and turned over the portion he had planned.

His purpose in the book he was beginning to write was to reason out the possible methods of government that would give a stabler, saner control to the world. He believed still in democracy, but he was realizing more and more that democracy had yet to discover its method. It had to take hold of the consciences of men, it had to equip itself with still unformed organizations. Endless years of patient thinking, of experimenting, of discussion lay before mankind ere this great idea could become reality, and right—the proven right thing—could rule the earth.

Meanwhile the world must still remain a scene of blood-stained melodrama, of deafening noise, contagious follies, vast irrational destructions. One fine life after another went down from study and university and laboratory to be slain and silenced.

Was it conceivable that this mad monster of mankind would ever be caught and held in the thin-spun webs of thought?

Was it, after all, anything but pretension and folly for a man to work out plans for the better government of the world?—was it any better than the ambitious scheming of some fly upon the wheel of the romantic gods?

Man has come floundering and wounding and suffering out of the breeding darkness of Time, that will presently crush and consume him again. Why not flounder with the rest, why not eat, drink, fight, scream, weep, and pray, forget Hugh, stop brooding upon Hugh, banish all these priggish dreams of "The Better Government of the World," and turn to the brighter aspects—the funny and adventurous aspects—of the war, the Chestertonian jolliness, the "Punch" side of things? Think you because your sons are dead that there will be no more cakes and ale? Let mankind blunder out of the mud and blood as mankind has blundered in.

Let us at any rate keep our precious Sense of Humor.

He pulled his manuscript towards him. For a time he sat decorating the lettering of his title, "The Better Government of the World," with little grinning gnomes' heads and waggish tails.

§ 3.

On the top of Mr. Britling's desk, beside the clock, lay a letter, written in clumsy English and with its

envelope resealed by a label which testified that it had been "OPENED BY CENSOR."

The friendly go-between in Norway had written to tell Mr. Britling that Herr Heinrich also was dead; he had died a wounded prisoner in Russia some months ago. He had been wounded and captured, after undergoing great hardships, during the great Russian attack upon the passes of the Carpathians in the early spring, and his wound had mortified. He had recovered partially for a time, and then he had been beaten and injured again in some struggle between German and Croatian prisoners, and he had sickened and died. Before he died he had written to his parents, and once again he had asked that the fiddle he had left in Mr. Britling's care should, if possible, be returned to them. It was manifest that both for him and them now it had become a symbol with many associations.

The substance of this letter invaded the orange circle of the lamp; it would have to be answered, and the potentialities of the answer were running through Mr. Britling's brain to the exclusion of any impersonal composition. He thought of the old parents away there in Pomerania—he believed, but he was not quite sure, that Heinrich had been an only son—and of the pleasant spectacted figure that had now become a broken and decaying thing in a Russian prisoner's shallow grave. . . . Another son had gone—all the world was losing its sons.

He found himself thinking of young Heinrich in the very manner, if with a lesser intensity, in which he thought about his own son, as of hopes senselessly destroyed. His mind took no note of the fact that Heinrich was an enemy, that by the reckoning of a "war of attrition" his death was balance and compensation for the death of Hugh. He went straight to the root-fact that they had been gallant and kindly beings, and that the same thing had killed them both. . . .

By no conceivable mental gymnastics could he think of the two as antagonists. Between them there was no imaginable issue. They had both very much the same scientific disposition; with perhaps more dash and inspiration in the quality of Hugh; more docility and method in the case of Karl. Until war had smashed them one against the other. . . .

He recalled his first sight of Heinrich at the junction, and how he had laughed at the sight of his excessive Teutonism. The close-cropped shining fair head surmounted by a yellowish-white corps cap had appeared dodging about among the people upon the platform, and manifestly asking questions. The face had been very pink with the effort of an unaccustomed tongue. The young man had been clad in a suit of white flannel refined by a purple line; his boots were of that greenish-yellow leather that only a German student could esteem "chic"; his rucksack was upon his back, and the precious fiddle in its case was carried very carefully in one hand; this same dead fiddle. The other hand held a stick with a carved knob and a pointed end. He had been too German for belief. "Herr Heinrich!" Mr. Britling had said, and straightway the heels had clashed together for a bow, a bow from the waist, a bow that a heedless old lady much burthened with garden produce had greatly disarranged. From first to last amidst our off-hand English ways Herr Heinrich had kept his bow—and always it had been getting disarranged.

That had been his constant effect; a little stiff, a little absurd, and always clean and pink and methodical. The boys had liked him without reserve, Mrs. Britling had liked him; everybody had found him a likeable creature. He never complained of anything except picnics. But he did object to picnics; to the sudden departure of the family to wild surroundings for the consumption of cold, knifeless and forkless meals in the serious middle hours of the day. He protested to Mr. Britling, respectfully but very firmly. It was, he held, implicit in their understanding that he should have a cooked meal in the middle of the day. Otherwise his Magen was perplexed and disordered. In the evening he could not eat with any gravity or profit. . . .

Their disposition towards under-feeding and a

certain lack of fine sentiment were the only flaws in the English scheme that Herr Heinrich admitted. He certainly found the English unfeeling. His heart went even less satisfied than his Magen. He was a being of expressive affections; he wanted great friendships, mysterious relationships, love. He tried very bravely to revere and to understand and be occultly understood by Mr. Britling; he sought long walks and deep talks with Hugh and the small boys; he tried to fill his heart with Cissie; he found at last marvels of innocence and sweetness in the Hickson girl. She wore her hair in a pigtail when first he met her, and it made her almost Marguerite. This young man had cried aloud for love, warm and filling, like the Mittagessen that was implicit in their understanding. And all these Essex people failed to satisfy him; they were silent, they were subtle, they slipped through the fat yet eager fingers of his heart, so that he fell back at last upon himself and his German correspondents and the idealization of Maud Hickson and the moral education of Billy. Billy. Mr. Britling's memories came back at last to the figure of young Heinrich with the squirrel on his shoulder, that had so often stood in the way of the utter condemnation of Germany. That, seen closely, was the stuff of one brutal Prussian. What quarrel had we with him? . . .

Other memories of Heinrich flitted across Mr. Britling's reverie. Heinrich at hockey, running with extreme swiftness and little skill, tricked and baffled by Letty, dodged by Hugh, going headlong forward and headlong back, and then with a cry flinging himself flat on the ground exhausted. . . . Or, again, Heinrich very grave and very pink, peering through his glasses at his cards at Skat. . . . Or Heinrich in the boats upon the great pond, or Heinrich swimming, or Heinrich hiding very, very artfully from the boys about the garden on a theory of his own, or Heinrich in strange postures, stalking the deer in Claverings Park. For a time he had had a great ambition to creep quite close to a deer and touch it. . . . Or Heinrich indexing. He had a passion for listing and indexing books, music, any loose classifiable thing. His favorite amusement was devising schemes for the indentation of dictionary leaves, so that one could turn instantly to the needed word. He had bought and cut the edges of three dictionaries; each in succession improved upon the other; he had had great hopes of patents and wealth arising therefrom. . . . And his room had been a source of strange sounds; his search for music upon the violin. He had hoped, when he came to Matching's Easy, to join "some string quartette." But Matching's Easy produced no string quartette. He had to fall back upon the pianola, and try to play duets with that. Only the pianola did all the duet itself, and, in the hands of a small Britling, was apt to betray a facetious moodiness; sudden alternations between extreme haste and extreme lassitude. . . .

Then there came a memory of Heinrich talking very seriously; his glasses magnifying his round blue eyes, talking of his ideas about life, of his beliefs and disbeliefs, of his ambitions and prospects in life.

He confessed two principal ambitions. They varied perhaps in their absolute dimensions, but they were of equal importance in his mind. The first of these was, so soon as he had taken his doctorate in philology, to give himself to the perfecting of an International Language; it was to combine all the virtues of Esperanto and Ido. "And then," said Herr Heinrich, "I do not think there will be any more wars—ever." The second ambition, which was important first because Herr Heinrich found much delight in working at it, and, secondly, because he thought it would give him great wealth and opportunity for propagating the perfect speech, was the elaboration of his system of marginal indentations for dictionaries and alphabetical books of reference of all sorts. It was to be so complete that one would just stand over the book to be consulted, run hand and eye over its edges, and open the book—"at the very exact spot." He proposed to follow this business up with a quite Germanic thoroughness. "Presently," he said, "I must study the machinery

by which the edges of books are cut. It is possible I may have to invent these also." This was the double-barrelled scheme of Herr Heinrich's career. And along it he was to go, and, incidentally, develop his large vague heart that was at present so manifestly unsatisfied.

Such was the brief story of Herr Heinrich.

That story was over—just as Hugh's story was over. That first volume would never now have a second and a third. It ended in some hasty grave in Russia. The great scheme for marginal indexes would never be patented, the duets with the piano would never be played again.

Imagination glimpsed a little figure toiling manfully through the slush and snow of the Carpathians; saw it staggering under its first experience of shell fire; set it amidst attacks and flights and fatigue and hunger and a rush perhaps in the darkness; guessed at the wounding blow. Then came the pitiful pilgrimage of the prisoners into captivity—captivity in a land desolated, impoverished, and embittered. Came wounds wrapped in filthy rags, pain and want of occupation, and a poor little bent and broken Heinrich sitting aloof in a crowded compound nursing a mortifying wound.

He used always to sit in a peculiar attitude with his arms crossed on his crossed legs, looking slantingly through his glasses.

So he must have sat, and presently he lay on some rough bedding and suffered, untended, in infinite discomfort; lay motionless and thought at times, it may be, of Matching's Easy, and wondered what Hugh and Teddy were doing. Then he became fevered, and the world grew bright-colored and fantastic and ugly for him. Until one day an infinite weakness laid hold of him, and his pain grew faint, and all his thoughts and memories grew faint—and still fainter.

The violin had been brought into Mr. Britling's study that afternoon, and lay upon the further window-seat. Poor little broken sherd, poor little fragment of a shattered life! It looked in its case like a baby in a coffin.

"I must write a letter to the old father and mother," Mr. Britling thought. "I can't just send the poor little fiddle—without a word. In all this pitiful storm of witless hate—surely there may be one greeting—not hateful.

"From my blackness to yours," said Mr. Britling aloud.

He would have to write it in English. But even if they knew no English someone would be found to translate it to them. He would have to write very plainly.

§ 4.

He pushed aside the manuscript of "The Better Government of the World," and began to write rather slowly, shaping his letters roundly and distinctly:

"DEAR SIR,—I am writing this letter to you to tell you I am sending back the few little things I had kept for your son at his request when the war broke out. I am sending them—"

Mr. Britling left that blank for the time until he could arrange the method of sending to the Norwegian intermediary.

"Especially I am sending his violin, which he had asked me thrice to convey to you. Either it is a gift from you or it symbolized many things for him that he connected with home and you. I will have it packed with particular care, and I will do all in my power to ensure its safe arrival.

"I want to tell you that all the stress and passion of this war has not made us here in Matching's Easy forget our friend your son. He was one of us, he had our affection, he had friends here who are still his friends. We found him honorable and companionable, and we share something of your loss. I have got together for you a few snapshots I chance to possess in which you will see him in the sunshine, and which will enable you perhaps to picture a little more definitely than you would otherwise do the life he led here. There is one particularly that I have marked. Our family is lurching out-of-doors, and you will see that next to your son is a youngster, a year or so his junior, who is

touching glasses with him. I have put a cross over his head. He is my eldest son, he was very dear to me, and he too has been killed in this war. They are, you see, smiling very pleasantly at each other."

While writing this Mr. Britling had been struck by the thought of the photographs, and he had taken them out of the little drawer into which he was accustomed to thrust them. He picked out the ones that showed the young German, but there were others, bright with sunshine, that were now charged with acquired significances; there were two showing the children and Teddy and Hugh and Cissie and Letty doing the goose step, and there was one of Mr. Van der Pant, smiling at the front door, in Heinrich's abandoned slippers. There were endless pictures of Teddy also. It is the happy instinct of the Kodak to refuse those days that are overcast, and the photographic record of a life is a chain of all its kindlier aspects. In the drawer above these snapshots there were Hugh's letters and a miscellany of trivial documents touching on his life.

Mr. Britling discontinued writing and turned these papers over and mused. Heinrich's letters and post-cards had got in among them, and so had a letter of Teddy's.

The letters reinforced the photographs in their reminder how kind and pleasant a race mankind can be. Until the wild asses of nationalism come kicking and slaying amidst them, until suspicion and jostling greed and malignity poison their minds, until the fools with the high explosives blow that elemental goodness into shrieks of hate and splashes of blood. How kindly men are—up to the very instant of their cruelties! His mind teemed suddenly with little anecdotes and histories of the goodwill of men breaking through the ill-wind of war, of the mutual help of sorely wounded Germans and English lying together in the mud and darkness between the trenches, of the fellowship of captors and prisoners, of the Saxons at Christmas fraternizing with the English.

Of that he had seen photographs in one of the daily papers.

His mind came back presently from these wanderings to the task before him.

He tried to picture these Heinrich parents. He supposed they were kindly, civilized people. It was manifest the youngster had come to him for a well-ordered and gentle-spirited home. But he imagined them—he could not tell why—as people much older than himself. Perhaps young Heinrich had on some occasion said they were old people—he could not remember. And he had a curious impulse too to write to them in phrases of consolation; as if their loss was more pitiable than his own. He doubted whether they had the consolation of his sanguine temperament, whether they could resort as readily as he could to his faith, whether in Pomerania there was the same consoling possibility of an essay on the Better Government of the World. He did not think this very clearly, but that was what was at the back of his mind. He went on writing.

"If you think that these two boys have both perished, not in some noble common cause but one against the other in a struggle of dynasties and boundaries and trade routes and tyrannous ascendancies, then it seems to me that you must feel as I feel that this war is the most tragic and dreadful thing that has ever happened to mankind."

He sat thinking for some minutes after he had written that, and when presently he resumed his writing, a fresh strain of thought was traceable even in his opening sentence.

"If you count dead and wounds this is the most dreadful war in history; for you as for me, it has been almost the extremity of personal tragedy. . . . Black sorrow.

"But is it the most dreadful war?"

"I do not think it is. I can write to you and tell you that I do indeed believe that our two sons have died not altogether in vain. Our pain and anguish may not be wasted—may be necessary. Indeed they may be necessary. Here am I bereaved and wretched—and I hope. Never was the fabric of war so black; that I admit. But never was the black fabric of war so threadbare. At a thousand points the light is shining through."

Mr. Britling's pen stopped.

There was perfect stillness in the study bedroom.

"The tinpot style," said Mr. Britling at last in a voice of extreme bitterness.

He fell into an extraordinary quarrel with his style. He forgot about those Pomeranian parents altogether in his exasperation at his own inexpressiveness, at his incomplete control of these rebel words and phrases that came trailing each its own associations and suggestions to hamper his purpose with it. He read over the offending sentence.

"The point is that it is true," he whispered. "It is exactly what I want to say." . . .

Exactly?

His mind stuck on that "exactly." . . . When one has much to say style is troublesome. It is as if one fussed with one's uniform before a battle. . . . But that is just what one ought to do before a battle. . . . One ought to have everything in order. . . .

He took a fresh sheet and made three trial beginnings.

"War is like a black fabric." . . .

"War is a curtain of black fabric across the pathway."

"War is a curtain of dense black fabric across all the hopes and kindness of mankind. Yet always it has let through some gleams of light, and now—I am not dreaming—it grows threadbare, and here and there and at a thousand points the light is breaking through. We owe it to all these dear youths—"

His pen stopped again.

"I must work on a rough draft," said Mr. Britling.

(To be concluded.)

Letters to the Editor.

GERMANY'S CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We are all hoping that the discussion of the problems of reconstruction after the war will result in a real union between the belligerent and neutral nations of Europe. The hope may be hard of realization, but, short of its attainment, our efforts in the war struggle have to that extent been in vain.

We cannot, however, hope for a genuine union with neutral countries without a clear understanding on their part of the objects Germany and we had in view in entering into the war, and of our relative actions during its course.

The enclosed letter from the Rev. Professor H. M. Gwatkin to a Swedish clergyman may be of interest to your readers as indicating the trend of thought in Sweden, and unless we can succeed in breaking down such misconceptions as were obviously contained in the letter to which Dr. Gwatkin replies, and which to a certain extent prevail in other neutral countries, we are in danger of building our efforts towards a permanent union of the nations on insecure foundations.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH BLISS.

House of Commons.

AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN TO A SWEDISH CLERGYMAN.

"REVEREND SIR,—I have to thank you for your account of opinion in Sweden, and most cordially for your exceedingly kind tone towards myself and other English friends. I only regret that you cannot think as well of our nation as you do of individuals.

"I am an old student, and I wish to be just. I quite see that some German 'lies' are very natural mistakes, as when they thought that the 'Warrior' was sunk off Jutland, and it is clear that some things have been unduly pressed against them. I should agree with you, for instance, that the Cavell case is not so very bad. They were within their rights; and all that can be said is that women are not executed for that offence in civilized countries.

"I claim no special virtue for my own country. I say only that we never sought the war, that we could not honorably avoid it, and that, to the best of my judgment, we have little to be

ashamed of in our conduct of it. When we assured Germany in 1912 that we were not, and never would be, parties to any hostile design against her, we were officially told that this was not enough—that we must promise to be neutral 'in any case,' if war broke out. The only case our assurance did not cover was that of a wanton attack on France or Russia. As to our want of preparation, we simply refused to believe that a professedly civilized and friendly nation could be guilty of this infamy. At all events, the more severely you blame us for it, the more you are bound to grant that we had no aggressive designs.

"Now look at Germany. Take a few facts out of many:—

May, 1914.—Reservists called up from the Far East.

Early June.—Arms for cruisers sent out to Buenos Ayres.

June 15th.—Contracts in America for coaling cruisers at sea

at specified places and dates in August and September.

June, Late.—Reservists called up from Natal. (On my personal knowledge.)

Last instalment due of the great War Loan.

July.—Bills on London far in excess of trade requirements

drawn by Germans, such bills falling due after August 1st.

July 31st.—The 'Kronprinzessin Cecilie' in mid-Atlantic receives message in special cipher, 'War has broken out with England, France, and Russia. Return to New York.' [Now (a) the cipher was delivered sealed to the captain two years before; (b) war had not broken out. The English ultimatum was not sent till August 4th. Germany was still 'negotiating.']

"Is all this innocent precaution? Do not all the items converge on the certainty of war early in August. A month earlier nothing would have been ready: a month later the reservists would have been idle, and the bills would have had to be paid. Now how could they have known that date before May if they were not themselves planning the attack?

"You are quite mistaken in saying that we allege no cause of war but Belgium. In the critical days of 1914 our intense reluctance to fight was nearly overcome by a clear conviction that we could not let France be crushed, and we should certainly have fought on that ground when the invasion of Belgium removed our last hesitation. Our resolution was instant and as nearly unanimous as any in all our history that if Germany dishonored her solemn guarantee, we should have to enforce ours. We gave it for our interest if you please, but we kept it also for our honor. There was neither time nor need to 'organize public opinion,' and indeed it could not have been done in the face of such bitter division, that the enemy had fair grounds for expecting us to be paralyzed by civil war.

About the conduct of the war, I agree with you that many of the stories need more careful sifting; for instance, your own story of the Iceland fishermen compelled to sell us their fish for a trifle. If that be true, it is the first time I ever heard of Englishmen seizing things for less than their full value—as a rule, they are badly cheated. But if some stories are doubtful, that is no excuse for indiscriminate scepticism. However, as I want to run no risk of overstating my case, I will make a great concession here. It is believed by the Allies, and indeed by most neutrals, that the Germans have committed barbarous enormities in the occupied territory. It seems as well established as facts can be, and that not simply by French or Belgian evidence or that of neutrals, but by the avowals or admissions of Germans, that they have plundered the country, burned towns, committed wanton massacres, dishonored women, slaughtered 'hostages,' and reduced the population to practical slavery, enforced by deportations and barbarous punishments, and that these outrages are not due to the passions of undisciplined soldiers, or even to the connivance of brutal officers, but to the direct commands and systematic policy of the highest authorities. No doubt there has been some exaggeration, as there always is when devilish deeds are done; but a very large discount will still leave the Germans below the level of savages, for savages are not in the same way sinners against light. Now let all this go for nothing. Let no more mention be made of outrages, from the deliberately repeated massacres of Louvain to the hellish jeering of the German crowd at the bodies of English officers done to death in their starvation camp at Wittenberg. Let silence cover abominations that cry to heaven like the cry of Sodom. Let the Kaiser's hands be pure as snow, his preachings of hate and frightfulness forgotten. Let his lying ministers pass for men of honor, his ferocious officers for refined and courteous gentlemen, his brutal soldiers for chivalrous enemies, his reptile press, his spies, his incendiaries, for generous and high-minded patriots. What then? Do not some broad facts come out above the chatter of lies that bewilder you in Sweden? It is not disputed that the Germans have systematically used floating mines, poisonous gases, aircraft on undefended towns, torpedoed even neutral merchant ships at sight, and forced Belgians to work for them in munition factories—all which things they promised by the Hague Convention not to do. Are these methods of civilized warfare?

"But, say you, there is nothing to choose between German and English methods. I am not so sure of that. I think you will find that most of our alleged offences which give so much annoyance to neutrals are only natural and necessary adaptations of old laws to the days of great ships and parcel post. If a ship is too large to be searched at sea, our plan of bringing it to port is perhaps as humane as the German plan of sinking it at sight, and if they send rubber in parcels, there may well be some delay over your innocent Christmas presents from America. Vexatious as these things are, you cannot fairly compare them with what the Germans have done. Coming, however, to cases

where we have had to follow the enemy's example, we never defended our towns by aircraft till they had been attacked while undefended, and our own raids have been aimed at military positions only. Gas we never used till the enemy had used it against us, and we have not maliciously chosen a gas which permanently ruins health. Nor can they decently complain of the starvation plan. They used it on Paris and tried to use it on us at the beginning of the war; and we did not limit imports of food by neutrals till they had threatened again (February, 1915) to starve us out by submarines. But, after all, the blockade of a country differs only in scale from the blockade of a town, which is confessedly lawful.

"More than once your letter makes me wonder what stories you have heard, as when you say that (but for scale) the refusal of the 'King Stephen' to rescue the crew of the wrecked Zeppelin is as bad as the destruction of the 'Lusitania.' May not the skipper have had reason for 'not trusting them'? Do you believe that twenty-seven armed Germans would have allowed nine unarmed fishermen to take them to England? I say unarmed, for the Germans at once declared that the trawler was armed. This was false; and wilfully false, for in any case they could not have known it to be true. However, if it were true, the right comparison would not be with the 'Lusitania,' but the deliberate refusal, not of a mere skipper, but of a German Admiral, to rescue a single English sailor at Coronel.

"I must confess to some surprise at your contention that Greece has been treated no better than Belgium. We did not go to Salonika in open defiance of our own solemn guarantee, but at the request of M. Venizelos, and (except in his time) we have had to deal with a 'neutrality' as hostile as pro-German governments dared make it. Were we to let the coasts of Greece remain depôts for submarines, with help from officials, and more than connivance from the Government? Could we tolerate a large Greek Army, officered by Germans and pro-Germans, which made no secret of its intention to attack us in the rear? As for our treatment of the population, there is a ready, and I think decisive, test. The refugees of Belgium count by hundreds of thousands, all full of stories of outrage and oppression. How many are the refugees of Greece?

"The most horrible feature of this war is not the destruction of property, or even of life, but the utter impossibility of trusting a nation which will not be bound by treaties.

"We have a high respect for honorable enemies, as the Boers will witness; but we can have none for a nation which not only prepared for years an unprovoked attack on us, but has conducted it with every aggravation of malice, treachery, and 'frightfulness.' This is no panic-stricken fancy, but a deliberate conviction slowly forced by facts on an unwilling people, and I think never finally clinched till the Fryatt murder showed that they would not allow even their own sea-law, signed by von Pohl himself, to hinder their revenge on a man who had been too good a sailor for them. Can we demand less than reparation for the past, security for the future, and justice on the chief murderers? This is the 'crushing of Germany' we aim at. Nobody wants to touch her independence, to meddle with her internal affairs, or to take any territory that is German in population and sentiment. Least of all does anyone dream of fining them three times the entire cost of the war, as they fined France in 1871. Some there are who would like to stifle German commerce permanently; but I am not one of them, and I do not think they will get what they want. England does not nurse enmities. But we must have some such most-favored-nation clause as they imposed on France to frustrate the hostile *Zollverein* they threaten.

"By the way, do not imagine that I count them fools, because I fancy they might have succeeded better in 1909 or 1919. They chose their time astutely; but brutal cunning forgets the moral forces. They counted on civil war in England—and we closed our ranks at once. They looked for revolts in the Colonies and Ireland—and they got only Maritz and Casement. They reckoned on help from Italy—and Italy turned against them. They thought to break our spirit with Zeppelins and submarines and liquid fire—and they have only 'staggered humanity.' For all this they have been exceedingly clever with the wisdom that descendeth not from above. I spare them the rest of the quotation.

"The future is very dark. These men hate us like hell, and will only despise us in addition if we fail to crush their power for evil, and they are teaching their children in all their schools to hate us too. They will not easily forgive us the wrong they have done us, and the echoes of the 'Hymn of Hate' will not be soon forgotten. Yet we never hated them before the war; and even now there is far more among us of anger than of settled hatred. A wild cheer burst out when the pirate ship was—

'Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To . . .

but there was no thought of bottomless perdition in our hearts. That cry meant the joy of deliverance, not the revenge of malice on fallen enemies. There was no jeering then, or three days later. The English crowd was hushed before the majesty of death, when these same enemies were laid to rest in English soil, with every solemn rite accorded to our own 'dear brethren here departed from us.'

"England makes no war upon the dead. There will be friendship as well as peace with Germany whenever Germany is dead to the crimes of the past—but not till then.

"Many times I have longed for the voice of a prophet, not to tell us what the end of pride shall be—for that was never

doubtful—but to speak the 'Thus saith the Lord' of a man who sees the things of time in the light of eternity, and can show us the slow procession of the ages in their courses, gathering round the ever-living Person of the Lord who loves no less the sinners of Germany than the sinners of England. I dare not hope that He would fully acquit us; but sure I am, unless truth and mercy are a mockery, that He would not lay on us the heavy burden of the hugest crime in history.

"His way is in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet."

"By the perplexity and distress of nations we know that some glorious mystery is now revealing. God keep you, sir, and guide us all and cleanse our hearts to see and to receive it. My own work must now be nearly done; but I believe and verily trust that our children and our children's children will see a better, a nobler, and a more Christian Europe rising from the ashes of the old.—Yours, &c.,

"H. M. GWATKIN.

"Cambridge. September, 1916."

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S SPEECH AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There must be many of us who, in common with yourself, saw in at least one leading passage of the German Chancellor's speech, as reported in the "Times" of September 30th, something like an advance towards an international standpoint. They will be disappointed to find, from a careful reading of the full report now to hand in the German papers (e.g., "Berliner Tageblatt," September 29th) that the passage is not nearly so promising as appeared in the version telegraphed to Holland and translated in the "Times." It is much more narrow. In the German report the Chancellor does, it is true, speak of M. Briand as professing to wish for a peace "in which there will be protection for international agreements and for the freedom of nations from every attack" (not, to be precise, a peace in which "international agreements will protect freedom," as the English version ran). And it is true, he adds, "that, too, is what we wish." But in the German version the broad-minded effect of this last sentence is immediately weakened by another following at once and directing the wish exclusively to Germany, without one word about any other nation, let alone Belgium or Serbia: "That, too, is what we wish. We wish to protect Germany for all time from every attack." This concluding sentence, and this alone in the context, is put into spaced type. It is entirely omitted in the version that came to us first.

Again, according to that version, the Chancellor declared that he and his Germans merely stood for "the defence of our right to existence and freedom." This naturally suggests, as you point out, "a policy of no annexation." But the sentence in the German report runs: "The defence of our right to existence, freedom, development" ("Entwicklung"), thus leaving open the all-important question whether the Chancellor does, or does not, desire some kind of annexation (supposing he can get it).

This is not the first time there have been indications that the version of an official speech telegraphed to the outside world differs, by deft omissions, from the actual words used in Germany, omissions which make the speech appear more reasonable and liberal than it really is. (The curious may compare the "Times" report of the Chancellor's speech on August, 1915, with the "Berliner Tageblatt's" report.) There is a danger here against which we ought to be on our guard.

But the real danger lies in the Chancellor's bitter attack on England. If, by such and similar means, the German nation is confirmed in the belief that England is bent on her destruction, then good-bye to the best hopes of the world for a generation to come! And it is exactly here that we ourselves shall increase the danger enormously if we do not repudiate, whenever and wherever we can, such rash and deplorable expressions as those used by Mr. Lloyd George in his interview the other day. We play into the hands of German militarists if we cannot stop this talk of "a national demand for vengeance," of accepting "the inhumanity and pitilessness of the fighting" so long as "there remains the possibility of civilization again being menaced from the same quarter." In the name of commonsense, if not of humanity, let us drown it. For, in sober fact, such a possibility will always remain so long as life remains: absolute security

against ambition can only be found in death. Pacifists are blamed for pursuing a phantom, but here is another, every whit as phantasmal, set up in the shrine of the war-god himself. Idealists are blamed for windy Utopian talk, because they dream of the world seeing one day, far off, "the end of war." What are we to make of a responsible statesman bidding us expect, in twenty years at most, "the final and complete elimination of this" (the German) "menace"? What are the German patriots to make of it? Will they not say, and with good show of reason, that, if it means anything, it means "the final and complete elimination" of their own power as a great nation? It would be fairer to them, to ourselves, to the whole world, and to the better mind of Mr. Lloyd George himself, if we told him outright that he was "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."—Yours, &c.,

F. MELIAN STAWELL.

33, Ladbroke Square, London, W.
October 5th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Reading your comments on Mr. Lloyd George's American interview, I was reminded of a discussion which took place recently in a dug-out in the front line. Several officers were there, and one asked: "Supposing all the male members of the Royal Families of the belligerent nations, all the Premiers and Presidents and Cabinets, the Army Councils, the Commanders-in-Chief and their staffs were compelled to come up to the front line and stay there—Oh, not on the Somme; a 'quiet' portion of the line would do!—how long would it be before peace negotiations were started?"

The question was taken up and discussed with keenness. The period finally agreed upon was—a fortnight.—Yours, &c.,
ONE OF THE "GAME DOGS."

October 8th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reply to Mrs. Pethick Lawrence's letter on the Lloyd George interview, may I quote a sentence or two from a letter I have received from a mother who has just lost one of her splendid sons in this war: "Isn't the war terrible? How we all wish for it to end. But if premature peace is made, what satisfaction can it be to us who have lost loved ones?"

This lady has two sons only; her husband and second son are both serving.—Yours, &c.,

A YORKSHIREWOMAN.

October 11th, 1916.

SOME VIEWS OF SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As some security for peace I do wish that the great waterways—the Dardanelles, the Kiel Canal, the Straits of Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, and the Panama Canal—could be put under international control.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. ESCREET

(Archdeacon of Lewisham).

Lewisham. October 11th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The correspondence in your columns rightly centres on three main points. The first and by far the most important is the establishment of some organization to secure future peace. We all—not merely the extreme pacifists—look forward with confidence to a development in this direction; and, in a sense, nothing else matters.

The second main point is that existing difficulties in the way of international goodwill should be removed; for to leave old difficulties, or to create new ones, is merely to place obstacles in the way of any league to enforce peace which may be established. Foremost among these "diffi-

culties" are the military annexations by Germany of Belgium, Serbia, &c.; and it is admitted by all your correspondents that the *status quo ante* is the minimum settlement that, from the point of view of international goodwill, can be accepted; this admits of no "negotiations." But the difficulties that existed before the war—the position in the Balkans, the position of Turkey, Poland, Schleswig, Alsace-Lorraine, of the Southern Slavs, the Adriatic, the Trentino, Russia's need of an ice-free outlet, armaments—are all questions that can only be settled, without danger to future peace, by negotiations. For it is of the essence of justice, which alone can promote goodwill, that the case of all interested parties should be heard, and that the final adjustment should respect all real interests. Any settlement of pre-war difficulties that is not "negotiated" must tend to defeat the working of the League of Peace.

The third main point is whether or not Germany should be punished. The punishment of Germany seems to many of your correspondents to be the only thing worth fighting for; but it is remarkable that they do not indicate the nature of the punishment they desire. In pursuit of our punitive ideal, must we deprive Germany of Hamburg, or of anything else which a settlement that was merely just, without being punitive, would leave to her? But this would start a new "difficulty"; and the substitution of new difficulties for old is not, I imagine, what any Englishman would fight for. And yet there can be no doubt that the prolongation of the war is due to the desire to "punish Germany." I suspect that the word has, in the popular mind, much the same meaning as another phrase, "the destruction of the Prussian military domination"—and that meaning is the destruction of the German armies, which in turn means the killing of German soldiers. Capital punishment may or may not be a good thing; but I would ask your punitive correspondents whether any judge would pass a death sentence which involved, besides the hanging of the criminal, the death of the hangman? Punishment of Germany, the destruction of the German army, the killing of German soldiers, mean also the punishment of the Allies, the destruction of the Allied armies, the killing of the soldiers of the Allies. Is this really essential to our terms of settlement?—Yours, &c.,

EMILE BURNS.

Lee Vale, Gatacre, Liverpool.

October 11th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Those of your correspondents and readers who advocate such terms of settlement as will not preclude indefinitely the resumption of friendly relations between this country and Germany, may be interested to know Talleyrand's definition of a treaty of peace: "Qu'est-ce qu'un traité de paix? C'est celui qui, en réglant l'universalité des objets en contestation, fait succéder non seulement l'état de paix à l'état de guerre, mais l'amitié à la haine."—Yours, &c.,

DIPLOMAT.

October 11th, 1916.

NERVE-SHAKEN SOLDIERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am sorry that my letter in your issue of September 9th should have caused any annoyance to Dr. G. M. Robertson, whose painstaking and most considerate care for his patients at Morningside has always been a subject for admiration, and I regret if I have made in other respects any too sweeping generalizations.

Dr. Robertson will observe, however, that the question with which I was dealing was the justice of any proposal for the detention of uncertifiable discharged soldiers. As the "British Medical Journal" of September 23rd points out, a soldier, after discharge from the Army, has become

* Extract from a report drawn up for the Directory, December 23rd, 1797. Quoted by Sorel in his essay on Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna, in "Essais d'Histoire et de critique."

a free agent, and cannot, as the law now stands, be placed under any form of detention except for the reason that his liberty has become a danger to himself or others. The fact that a fellow-citizen has fought for us and been injured in the conflict does not do away with the obligation to treat him, on his return to civilian life, with the same fairness as we would treat a civilian.

The point which I was anxious to emphasize was the possibility of injustice in subjecting to illegal detention people who are not insane. This is very likely to happen if the only provision for the care and assistance of discharged soldiers unrecovered from nerve-strain means a return to military detention under lunacy experts.

Dr. Robertson overlooks the fact that such detention in civil life is penalized, south of the Tweed, by Section 315 of the English Lunacy Act in a provision for the safety of the subject, which cannot be set aside unless repealed by Act of Parliament. It is peculiarly unfitting, on the return of our brave soldiers from the war, to seem to take an opportunity to undermine this section of an Act which specially secures the liberty of the uncertified. I do not wish to be understood as denying that there are in existence lunacy institutions where the inmates are treated (I cannot say *à la* Lord Rosebery "too well"—but at least) with some degree of insight into the delicate handling necessary to restore and readjust a loss of balance occurring in the highest thought-centres; but Dr. Robertson would seem to have given away his own case to some extent when he insinuated that the indications he complains of in my letter were attributable to someone conversant with what goes on in such institutions—*e.g.*, a doctor, nurse, or inmate.

It is hoped that the Disablement Committee will not delay any longer in carrying out their beneficent task of embodying in convalescent homes on a voluntary footing, and under the auspices of local health committees, the excellent recommendations issued in their circular, to which reference was made in THE NATION.—Yours, &c.,

FIAT JUSTITIA.

RELIGION AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letters recently published in THE NATION under the heading "Views of Settlement" assume that a real settlement can be reached by means of the will and reason of the statesmen of the countries engaged in war. May I question the adequacy of this view of the matter, and suggest that neither the beginning nor the end of a war is directly within the power of human governments? It is no new idea to look upon suffering as punishment, especially upon war as punishment—punishment falling upon a race, wholesale suffering which must be undergone, and those who refuse to share the suffering only sinning afresh.

In this view the question to be asked is not what can publicists and statesmen do and arrange about frontiers, or diplomatists do to save each other's faces, but what great sin have we fallen into, what sin common alike to enemy and friend?

If we compare civilization in the agony of war to a tree being pruned, the point is, which is the branch that has got to go? The branch which has got to go is, in my opinion, our over-confident belief in the efficacy of science and reason applied to life to produce goodness of character, gentleness, beauty, and permanence in civilization. We have worshipped science, we have believed its use could ameliorate every human trouble, we have believed we were the civilization which was to last, we have believed we had discovered the power of ourselves to help ourselves. I think this belief is going. Surely the disappointment of a great war coming again will make us remember that all the data on which science rests are hypothetical and relative, and the theories and conclusions temporary, humanity and life remaining the same. We have been fools enough to worship science. To-day civilization pays the penalty. However brilliantly the diplomatists may manoeuvre, they can give us no true peace until we understand that we have trusted in the might and power of our reason, and it has failed us.

I would make my point that the only way to the end

of war, the only hopeful settlement is in religion, in the Catholic Faith, and that frontiers and nationalities, and applied scientific methods of themselves lead nowhere. Peace on earth is promised to men of goodwill, and men of goodwill worship God and not applied science, though they use it and profit by it.

But it is a sad thought how the Catholic Church at the present time is a house divided against itself, with no corporate union, no commanding voice, no hold on the ways and wars of proud, self-reliant democracy, no control of the selfish aims of princes, aristocracies, capitalists, and statesmen, no power to guide the passion of patriotism, no inspiration that attracts and uses the scientific instinct and mind.

Our Anglican bishops want "Repentance and Hope," as long as this does not mean repenting of Protestantism and its materialism, or hoping for the practice of the Evangelical counsels—Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. The Vatican, one hears, has its money tied up in a country at war, and fears the Orthodox Church regaining St. Sophia, while the Orthodox Church, tolerant of the Anglican, barely admits the existence of Rome.

Are we crying for peace where there can be no peace, for settlement where there can only be more and more moral and physical violence? I hope not but I should be more hopeful if I saw (1) a reasonable prospect of an early reunion of Catholic Christendom in agreement to recall men from Protestantism and its worship of human reason.

(2) A common realization among the great mass of mankind both within and without the Catholic Faith that science applied to life is not a stable foundation on which to build a civilization and a common knowledge that science unrestrained by faith can be more destructive than constructive of human welfare.—Yours, &c.,

T. M. PEARCE.

October 9th, 1916.

EMPTY CHURCHES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Campbell's letter on this subject affords one more illustration of the failure of those who occupy the pulpit to grasp the layman's point of view, or to see the question in all its bearings. He says: "It is not what people are required to believe that keeps them away from church, but the fact that for the time being they are indifferent to the religious life and its religious sanctions for the duties they perform." I maintain that the truth of the matter lies in the very opposite direction. I maintain, from long experience and observation as a religious layman, that the chief cause of the alienation of the mass of the people from religious observances, particularly as regards the Church of England, is the utter unsuitability of the forms used as a vehicle for devotion. The prayers, the hymns, the psalter, the stiffness, repetition, and want of variety in the services, all of which served the purpose ages ago, have made no movement to meet the vast changes in thought, in knowledge, in progress that modern times have brought in. Consequently an increasing number of thoughtful people to-day find it simply impossible, in places sacred to truth and straightforwardness of expression, to use the words put into their mouths, the simple and obvious meaning of which has evaporated in the light of current beliefs. This, to those who have eyes to see, and not "the fact that people are indifferent to religion" is the real cause of "empty churches."

There is probably less indifference to religion—more real interest in religion—in the present day than ever before, in spite of empty churches. We often hear of the interest in religion taken by our soldiers at the front. True, stirring crises in life like war, and special and appropriate services reveal the inherent religious element in men. But when the crises and the special and appropriate services are over will the inherent religion still find expression in the old forms? Will the empty churches be re-filled?—Yours, &c.,

P. E. VIZARD.

5, Belsize Lane, N.W. October 10th, 1916.

PROHIBITION IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—By a referendum the people of British Columbia will "go dry" on July 1st, 1917. Not many years ago no one would have dared to prophesy such an event. It was hard to assume that the "wild and woolly West," with its preponderance of male population, whose occupations were divided principally between lumbering, mining, and rail-roading, would decide by between 7,000 and 8,000 of a majority against the bar. Yet to-day we are assured of victory. True, we have only fallen in line with most of the other provinces of Canada. But surely we can celebrate a more signal success, inasmuch as the odds seemed more against us. Alberta, Manitoba, and the rest are chiefly the settling places of the "family man," the homesteader. But B.C. is dotted all over and through her magnificent mountains with the lumber and mining camps, and any one who has lived in these camps can best judge what incentive there is for these fellows to vote out the drink. Yet these camps, or the little "cities" adjacent to them, were the chief factors in swelling the majority in favor of a cleaner life. Vancouver, of course, did exceedingly well also, giving us nearly 3,000 to help sway the balance. Victoria—the Paradise of the elect—did not do so well. But there is a reason. Nevertheless, the passing of the People's Prohibition Bill fills us with hope for the welfare of our province and of Canada's great Dominion.

Temperance workers at home may ask how this was accomplished. How did we defeat the liquor traffic, who are said to have spent something like \$25,000 per day for weeks before the election. They swamped the newspapers with lurid advertisements. The hoardings of the province were disfigured with misrepresentations of the Prohibition Act. Their paid orators stumped every borough, and the province was deluged with an avalanche of ingenious literature. Yet the Prohibition party has met and defeated all attacks. The victory was brought about by an enlightened people who volunteered money and time for the cause. To no small extent it was due to the "Vancouver World," a newspaper which gave over its widely-read columns to the people. Surely, the mother-country should be proud of her sons and daughters.—Yours, &c.,

OLIVER PORTER.

Revelstoke, British Columbia, Canada.

HAROLD CHAPIN'S LETTERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—In your appreciative reference to the late Harold Chapin's letters from France you have reproduced an unfortunate misprint. The last word of the last letter which my friend ever wrote was "Wanted," not "Washed." He was evidently called away by some military duty as he was writing to his wife, and this fact seems to add point to the subject of the article in which reference is made to the letters. I should be grateful if you could find space for this correction. The error only appears, I am glad to say, in a few copies of the book.—Yours, &c.,

SIDNEY DARK.

The Savage Club, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

DEER FORESTS—THEIR MULTIPLICATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The other day the "Times" gave much prominence to a long article, the gist of which was that deerstalking "has become a tame and almost tiresome pastime to the true sportsman," and that the "future of Scottish deer forests is a problem which is causing considerable anxiety to Highland landowners." These opinions may or may not be well-founded; but they do not seem to be shared by some of the persons most directly concerned. Despite the recent slump in letting, deer forests are being constantly multiplied, and large areas, hitherto under sheep, are being entirely given up to the ruddy herd.

Take the case of the Breadalbane estates. Of these vast domains in the counties of Perth and Argyll, considerably over 80,000 acres are already devoted exclusively to the sport of stalking. The noble proprietor seems to find the antlered monarchs more remunerative than commonplace sheep, and he is now in the act of adding considerably to the area of his forests. Last month the whole of the huge farm of Achallander was completely cleared of its fleecy stock, and every hoof and horn thereof placed under the hammer in the Stirling auction marts. The animals disposed of numbered 11,000; and, assuming that every sheep requires two acres of upland pasture, we find that the Breadalbane deer forests have been enlarged by about 22,000 acres. The Marquis is so confident of an approaching boom in deerstalking that he is said to have completed arrangements for transferring three other large farms from pastoral to sporting purposes. A gentleman who is well conversant with the circumstances of these particular sheep clearances, was asked if it was possible to find farming tenants for the subjects in question. His answer was significant. "No," he said, "it is not—on the terms laid down."

Proceedings such as those to be witnessed at Breadalbane are not uncommon at present in the Scottish Highlands. They would seem to afford the Secretary for Scotland and the Scottish Board of Agriculture a golden opportunity for carrying out a suitable scheme of land settlement, for adding to the woefully-limited number of small farms available to persons of moderate means. There would be no plaguey claims for compensation to be met, and no expensive sheep stocks to take over. It is not in the public interest that the number and areas of deer forests should be increased. Already these preserves exceed 200 in number and three and a-half million acres in extent—a fifth of Scotland's total area. About half the aggregate is well below the 1,000 ft. contour line, and admirably adapted for the grazing of sheep and cattle. The State cannot afford to allow so much good ground to be diverted from food-raising purposes—and it is admitted, even by Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, that "the amount of food which deer forests produce is really negligible."—Yours, &c.,

A. H.

Poetry.

THE FALL OF THE ZEPPELIN

(As seen by the writer near midnight on Sunday, the First of October, 1916).

BENEATH Invisible God the Night is still—

The Stars that are His Angels lamp the Deep;

Men and the darken'd World are sooth'd for sleep;

The million'd city soundless. Sudden a thrill

Cries, "Wake! To arms! The Mad Foe comes to kill!"—

On every roof the scornful people leap,

To see the spectral fingers pointing sweep

The heav'ns and show, like doom, the Murderous Ill.

Look, look, it kindles! Lambent Spirits there,

Like souls of the dead women it hath slain,

And children, drag it down from upper air.

It flames!—a dreadful Face with horrent hair,

Like his who sent it, shrieking down in pain.

And a far Voice Unheard saith, "Know, ye men, I Reign."

RONALD ROSS.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Ireland under the Stuarts and during the Interregnum." Vol. III. By Richard Bagwell. (Longmans. 15s. net.)
 "The Life and Letters of Sir Charles Tupper." Edited by E. M. Saunders. (Cassell. 2 vols. 25s. net.)
 "The Insurrection in Dublin." By James Stephens. (Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "The Romance of Escapes." By Tighe Hopkins. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Devonshire House Circle." By Hugh Stokes. (Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "A Sheaf." By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)
 "The Wave: An Egyptian Aftermath." By Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
 "George Moore." By Susan L. Mitchell. (Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "Sous le Ciel de France." Roman. Par René Benjamin. (Paris: Fayard. 3 fr. 50.)

LIKE most other things, the world of books has been changed a good deal by the war, and it is pretty certain to be changed a good deal more within the next few years. In addition to the influence of the war upon literature—an influence about which it is nearly useless to speculate—conditions after the war are bound to affect what one may call the mechanical side of books, the methods of their production and distribution. Everybody is now talking about the need for greater efficiency in British business, and it is hardly surprising that a share of the universal censure should be given to some of the customs that prevail in the book-trade. For a long time past the inefficiency of our methods of bringing books before the people has been almost universally acknowledged. Much of the evil was due to the disappearance of the provincial bookseller, who knew his job and took a pride in it, and in whose shop one could inspect any new publication before purchasing it. Another defect that has recently been remedied was the absence of good descriptive catalogues. But the book trade still suffers from lack of organization. The German world of books is governed by one of the best organizations of the kind in the world, with the result that a book-buyer in any part of the world who wants a list of books on any special subject is nearly certain to find his want supplied only in a German catalogue, which naturally gives most space to German books.

THERE are some hopeful signs of dissatisfaction with our present methods of book distribution. The Royal Society of Literature has begun to move in the matter; a lively correspondence is in progress in "The Author"; and Dr. Hagberg Wright, the Librarian of the London Library, has written an excellent letter on the subject in "The Times Literary Supplement." Dr. Wright complains that some of the customs of the book-trade constitute a long-established grievance which affect not only librarians like himself, but the whole British reading public. He finds unnecessary difficulties and restrictions in his own work of buying books suitable for the London Library, and in many cases has had to choose them merely on the strength of their titles and the prestige of the firm that issued them. "If the position," he adds, "of a buyer whose purchases amount to a large sum, is thus fraught with difficulties, it is obvious that a member of the general public is in a position of yet greater difficulty and disadvantage." There are few book-buyers, even on a small scale, who have not been frequently irritated by these needless difficulties. What is more, there is not a publisher who would not readily admit that his most successful books fail to reach half the number of readers whom they might reasonably be expected to interest. And this large untouched public will not be reached until publishers and booksellers take Dr. Wright's advice and readjust their procedure to meet the public need.

"THE question of book distribution," Mr. Wells wrote more than thirteen years ago, "is as vitally important to the intellectual health of a modern people as are open windows in cases of phthisis. No nation can live under modern conditions unless its whole population is mentally aerated

with books." How far we are from having learned this necessity is shown in a passage in Dr. Wright's letter:—

"Foreigners have often asked me," he says, "to recommend them a book-shop where they could see the new publications in literature, science, and history; but I have never been able to give them a satisfactory reply. In this respect Dublin and Edinburgh are in advance of the metropolis."

And if this is the case with new books, the fate of those a couple of years old is even worse. It has been my own experience, more than once, to make inquiries about a book still in print from the publishers that issued it, and to be told that the firm had no knowledge of its existence.

YET it would, I think, be an exaggeration to maintain that publishers are enemies of the human race. Their crimes are enormous, but so is their patience under censure. Byron is credited (incorrectly, I believe) with having asserted that Barabbas was a publisher. It would be nearer the truth to say that Moses was a publisher. For the meekness of most publishers is amazing. Everybody criticizes them. Nobody has a good word to say for them; they seldom say a good word for themselves. And when we condescend to tell them how to carry on their business, they admit every defect we point out, and placidly proceed to make large fortunes on the good old lines and in complete disregard of our criticisms. Even the societies that exist to harass them achieve very little in the way of impairing their prosperity. Until recently authors had the great advantage over publishers that they could write novels recounting the iniquities of publishers, and compel publishers to publish them. With the advent of publishers who are also novelists, this is likely to be changed. We have now such ambidexters as Mr. Grant Richards and Mr. Herbert Jenkins, who can write novels with their right hands while they are busy publishing with their left. Perhaps as actor-managers rule the stage, so the day is coming when publisher-novelists will be the autocrats of the world of books.

AUTHORS in the past have not been unduly flattering to the publishers whom they introduced into their novels. Goldsmith, it is true, has a good word to say for the publisher from St. Paul's Churchyard who issued Dr. Primrose's books against the Deuterogamists of the age, and who lent that excellent divine "a few pieces" when he was ill with a fever. Fielding is not unjust to the publisher who refused Parson Adams's nine volumes of manuscript sermons. If he offends Adams by comparing sermons with plays, he tries to atone for it by explaining that he would as soon print one of Whitefield's sermons as "any farce whatever." On the other hand, the publisher who compelled Mr. Wilson to write himself almost blind, and then let in the bailiff, was an undoubted scoundrel. Later novelists are less indulgent, and Thackeray's account of the rivalries of Bacon and Bungay is highly contemptuous.

ONE of the most amusing accounts in fiction of a publishing firm is that of the House of Crumpett and Hawker, to be found in Mr. Snaith's "William Jordan, Junior." Readers of that remarkable novel will remember how William Jordan came to be employed by the firm, though as his colleague, Mr. Dodson, veraciously said, William Jordan was "about as fit to sit on a stool in the counting-house of Crumpett and Hawker as Pontius Pilate was to sit on the Board of Governors of Eternal Bliss." Here is Mr. Dodson's opinion of the directors of the firm:—

"I can't make up my mind whether Pa is a bigger ass than Octavius, or whether Octavius is a bigger ass than Pa. Octavius is a pompous ass and Pa is a sentimental ass. Octavius has a bit of sentiment in his pomp, and Pa has a bit of pomp in his sentiment; so I suppose one takes the cruet and the other takes the casters. Bah, it makes me sick to think that you and I have to keep dipping the ensign to a couple of amateurs who don't know they are born. They have about as much knowledge of the game they are trying to play as a sucking-pig has of brown sherry."

Dodson was undoubtedly a man of genius, for before the novel ends he is able to say to William Jordan: "Let me tell you, old man, that in the long and honorable history of that world-famous publishing house, James Dodson is the only man who has ever caused it to betray signs of what you might call undignified haste."

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

THE WAR WE CANNOT WAGE.

"Truth and the War." By E. D. MOREL. (National Labor Press. 2s. net.)

I AM very much concerned about Mr. Morel. I have read his book with considerable disagreement, with a conviction that he is a perfectly honest as well as a very able man, but, above all, with a growing apprehension. I am afraid, lest in an essential point of his criticism of our policy Mr. Morel will be proved to be right. Not on his historical view of the Anglo-German situation immediately preceding the war, for there, both in respect of his general contention, so far as I understand it, and of his arrangement of the details of the controversy, I cannot follow him. The capital point of his indictment of Lord Grey is, I take it, that he, with Mr. Asquith and Lord Haldane, had contracted an "unwritten bond" to come to the aid of the Russo-French combination in a land war with Germany, and incidentally had neither provided the necessary army nor told the nation that it would be wanted. This is an intelligible argument. But it is not consistent with Mr. Morel's second contention, which is that the attitude of the British Government was the "uncertain factor" in the European situation. Mr. Morel cannot have it both ways. If the bond, written or unwritten, held us to an intervention, there could have been no ultimate uncertainty as to our action. If it left us free, it is hardly fair to describe it as a "bond" at all. In my opinion it was not a bond, and the tenor of the messages which passed between London, Paris, and Petrograd in July shows that neither of our great Allies, France or Russia, so regarded it. Lord Grey (and also Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman) consented to the famous "conversations" between French and British officers concerning a conceivable plan of joint military operations on the Continent. But not without a stipulation that we were to be free to decline any specific invitation to fight. That we remained free is clear from the urgent appeals of the French President on the eve of war. Such language could not have been addressed to an Ally. A more definite, and in honor a more binding, commitment was, indeed, implied in the acknowledged exchange of services between the French and British Navies in regard to the wardenship of the Channel and the Mediterranean. But as Germany did not reject our call for immunity for the French coasts, she could not have regarded us as a pledged member of the Dual Alliance as it stood in July, 1914. Pledged, indeed, we were not. The British vote was uncertain. The German Chancellor angled hard for it on one side; French and Russian diplomacy strove with more hope, but by no means with confidence, on the other. In fact, we stood poised between our old policy of isolation and our new one of contingent intervention. The attitude may have been right or wrong. But it was not unhistoric or uncharacteristic. And there was no element of determinism about it.

Nor do I discover in Mr. Morel's modified pro-Germanism those strong allies of truth and intellectual justice without which all our contentions ultimately fail. In form Mr. Morel sets out a thesis of undeniable weight. The calamity of our times cannot exclusively be referred to Germany, any more than can the Imperialism, Militarism, Protectionism out of which it sprang. But as the worst offences come largely through those who have the greatest power and the smallest necessity to commit them, so Germany's eminent culpability cannot be denied. That she could have had peace if she wanted it, and, conversely, that her method of "isolating" the Austro-Serbian dispute meant war with Russia, and so with France, and so (possibly or probably) with us, no fair student of the diplomatic history of July, 1914, can doubt, or that the only alternative to those un-European tactics was the Conference proposed by Lord Grey. Heaven knows we had made mistakes enough. But much had happened since 1911 to wipe out the bad memories of Morocco and of the torn Treaty of Algeiras. Germany had thanked Lord Grey for his part in the Balkan negotiations, in which he had sat loosely enough to the combination of which Mr. Morel assumes this country to have been an integral part. A little more pliability in

her Foreign Office (and possibly in ours) would have produced an exchange of formulæ good enough to serve as a bridge between the Entente and the Alliance. The long struggle over the Bagdad Railway was virtually over, and settled to her satisfaction. The future smiled on her, for it bore for her, the great land Power, the ripe prospect of accommodation with our island Empire, while we were beginning to assume our true part of moderator between the Alliance and the Entente. Why could she not have given this fruit of peace time to mature? What was she asked to do? To submit to Conference a quarrel which was not hers, but in which she possessed the power of settlement. Mr. Morel attaches a rather special brand of pacifism to the self-satisfied and unyielding character of Germany's external conduct in the period between the French and the European wars. Since 1870, he assures us, she had only gone to war with the Herrerros. That is hardly a true description of the spirit or the letter of German foreign policy. Even if we treat the seizure of Kiaochow as part of the general European exploitation of China, we have the attempt to complete the destruction of France in 1875, and the successful intimidation of Russia in 1909, in itself the model of the intervention of 1914. Those acts invited two European wars. Their method was that of the military threat, and the renewed stamp of crude force which it imparted to European State society was evident when, five years later, Russia was met with a second German call to surrender. Could she have given way *sans phrases* and remained a great Power in the East? Germany knew she could not, and knowing it, her statesmen and her General Staff, or her General Staff overwhelming her statesmen, brandished the sword. To say with Mr. Morel that this was mere "miscalculation," or to suggest that Austria could not be held back, is to put German responsibility much too low. Berlin had some excuses. She was not perfectly informed. Count Pourtales, for example, her Ambassador at Petrograd, utterly misrepresented Russian opinion, and no hands are more deeply dyed than his with the blood of innocence. But by those who fairly consider what was Germany's power to restrain evil (which was absolute) and her power to do evil (which was almost equally great), her general action must fairly be placed in the category not of "faults" but of crimes. The true moral alternative is not the one which Mr. Morel, with his sharply poised mind, practically invites us to consider—whether Germany was not to blame or was all to blame. History excludes such absolute judgments. The question is whether, in all the accountabilities for this war, hers was not the governing and finally determinant one.

No; where I fear Mr. Morel may be right is not in his history but his prophecy. He hates the war, and thunders against its physical horrors and cruelties. But he is chiefly impressed with the belief that it holds within its womb a thing more dangerous even than itself. He has examined, with his special knowledge of African and colonial trade, the policy towards which, since the Paris Conference, the Allies have steadily tended. And this is substantially his criticism of it:—

"You speak of a conclusive or an inconclusive peace. But this question of conclusiveness or inconclusiveness is not a thing to be militarily determined. It depends on the justice and practicability of the following peace. In fact, you are on the way to impose on Germany terms which she will never accept, and which, with her extraordinary industry and ability, the inevitable expansion of her population (in two generations she will possess, at the present rate of growth of the two States, 108 millions against our 68), and her connections with neutral States, she will easily undermine and overthrow, while she diligently sows the seeds of future wars. In the name of freedom you are going to fasten on the world a yoke of economic subjection such as it has never known. Germany must live, not by war, but by trade, and her livelihood depends, owing to her exclusion from colonizable 'places in the sun,' on an ample supply of raw material for her home industries, of which, indeed, more than half her imports are composed. This access, on which the maintenance of her markets depends, we shall as far as possible forbid. We shall establish against her a trade boycott extending to five-sixths of Europe, all Africa (from which direct German colonization will be excluded), and as much of Asia as can be closed to her. Thus crippled,

Germany must yet provide enormous war indemnities, delivered in the shape of goods which, by the acts of the tariff and the international trade ring, the Allies will hinder her from producing. The course of world-trade will thus be prescribed by a war alliance of European Powers, with the door shut on the one country, save ourselves, which kept hers open in her dependencies."

Now it is useless to describe this as a mere Morelian libel. It is worked out in detail in a sketch of economic measures to be adopted before the war comes to an end, which lies on my table. The time may come, is coming, when belief in it as the special after-war policy of Britain will be the main force in keeping the fast-flagging war-spirit alive in that unhappy part of the German people which is not at the front. In fact, it is impossible. Sixty-five millions of pushful people cannot thus be isolated and impoverished, and if they could they would involve a great body of our own and of French and Russian industries in their fall. But the point is that, whoever proposes such a peace, Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey cannot. There is one war which we know; it was not a war for the economic enslavement of half the European world. The Liberal and Free Trade parties and the Free Trade Unionists were never asked to support such an enterprise, still less the Socialist and Labor parties. It must be waged and ended (if it ever can be ended) by a Protectionist-Conservative combination.

H. W. M.

THE JAPANESE MASQUE.

"Certain Noble Plays of Japan." From the MSS. of ERNEST FENOLLOSA. Chosen and Finished by EZRA POUND. With an Introduction by WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. (Cuala Press, 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS apparently is the second attempt made to acclimatize the Japanese "Noh"—Mrs. Stopes having translated a few two or three years ago. And—we may be talking like the most outlandish Philistines, the most insular dogs-in-the-manger, the most insusceptible to forms of beauty which happen to be remote from and alien to our habitual atmosphere of art, the most egregiously European—but we confess to preferring Mr. Yeats's highly-trained and eloquent introduction to all the material which has provoked it. Mr. Yeats makes a great deal of the "Noh." He applauds their cultured aloofness from naturalism; their dependence upon an economized "series of positions and movements," to express not so much direct emotion, as the rhythm of emotion. The aristocratic dramatic art which flowers in the "Noh" is comparable, he says, with the old Oriental color-prints, which represent a ship by a mere skeleton of willows and a fruit-tree by a bush in a pot. "It is a child's game become the most noble poetry; and there is no observation of life, because the poet would set before us all those things which we feel and imagine in silence." That is not the only analogy with Chinese and Japanese painting. As they have their "echoing rhythm of line," so the "Noh" possess their rhythm of metaphor. "In neglecting character which seems to us essential in drama, as do their artists in neglecting relief and depth, when they arrange flowers in a vase in a thin row, they have made possible a hundred lovely intricacies." Now, there is something fine, delicate, and courageous in Mr. Yeats's apology for the "Noh." And where we differ from him is not so much in his concept of artistic reality as in its application to these curious old dramas. What we should like to do, in fact, would be to uproot Mr. Yeats's plant of aesthetic criticism from the formal old garden in which he has grown it, and preserve it—without associations—for our own delectation. Thus separated, Mr. Yeats is really advocating a closet literature as a reaction against democratic and realistic art, unsanctified by tradition and steadily vulgarized away from "the high breeding of poetical style" into journalistic expedience. The "Noh" are to him, we feel, an apt illustration of a theory and conviction of æsthetics. Emphasis in self-expression is to him the enemy, that emphasis which, according to the old theologians (who dabbled in astronomy), caused the fall of Lucifer and the angels from heaven. "Europe is very old, and has seen many arts run through the circle, and has learned the fruit of every flower and known what this fruit sends up." "In the studio and in the drawing-room one can found a true theatre of beauty." And (as a conclusion), "It is now

time to copy the East and live deliberately." Surely a climax that comes to us out of the void! Mr. Yeats's theory (if exaggerated) must not be lightly dismissed. It contains the seed of an austere and penetrating truth. But are we so devoid of any health within us? Is our own past so empty a granary, that we must transplant an exclusive, hieratic, allegorical, and caste Oriental drama of the fourteenth century to generate a new literature?

Mr. Yeats, of course, has an access to the "Noh" which is denied us. All that we have in this volume are the manuscripts of Ernest Fenollosa, "chosen and finished" by Mr. Pound. Fenollosa is the admitted authority on Japanese art, and we believe (we are open to correction) that he made some prose translations from the "Noh." But what has Mr. Pound done to them? The book gives no indication of his part whatever, and the words "chosen and finished" are ambiguous, to say the least. Most of the play's material is in unrhymed verse, without any kind of regular cadences. Has, therefore, Mr. Pound versified Fenollosa's prose translation? It is important to ask these questions, partly because Mr. Yeats makes such high (not a few good critics would say extreme) claims for the "Noh," and partly because Mr. Pound's literary past is hardly of the kind to dispose us to unquestioning acceptance of his taste, judgment, and success as an interpreter. At any rate, whatever the respective shares in the translation, the prose is a good deal better than the verse—more rhythmic, more finely modulated, better stressed, wealthier, better poised, altogether more vigorous and natural. Here are two specimens on pages opposite each other:—

"Although I have heard her voice,
The pity is that I cannot see her;
And I have let her go by
Without divulging my name.
This is the true love of a father."

And:—

"Tears like the thousand lines in a rain storm, bitter
tears soften my sleeve. Ten thousand things rise in a dream
and I wake in this hovel, wretched, just a nothing in the
wide world. How can I answer when they call me by my
right name?"

Whatever their relation to the Japanese original, neither of these pieces can exactly be called fine English. After all, the translator or translators cannot hide himself or themselves behind the Japanese with impunity. A translator has not one but two tasks. He has to interpret his own as well as the foreign tongue. And we can certainly judge of the former. And here a suggestion occurs to us. Why should not these "Noh" have been rendered into Kiltartan? Why should not Mr. Yeats have done it himself, instead of leaving us with only fairish prose and such pedestrian verse? Kiltartan would have suited the remote, fanciful, impalpable quality of these dramas precisely. Kiltartan was, so far as we can judge, just the delicately-woven garment they needed. As it is, whether the original actually suffers or no, our appreciation of it certainly does.

There remain the dramas themselves. There are four of them—"Nishikigi" is the story of two ghostly lovers; "Hagoromo," of a sprite whose magical feather-mantle is stolen by a priest; "Kumasaka," of the ghost of the brigand Kumasaka returning to his country as a guardian spirit; and "Kagekiyo," of an old exile whose daughter seeks him out and leaves him in his destitution because she can do him no good. "Drama" is, indeed, the wrong word for these little decorative pieces. They are more masque than drama, more pictorial than literary, more tapestry than picture. And that they have an unsubstantial grace, an aerial delicacy, everyone will discern. More we cannot say, because, frankly, more we cannot feel. And critical judgment is so limited as to be almost valueless. What, for instance, would a modern Japanese think of a translation of our morality plays? And these little picturesques are torn out of an historical context we cannot realize. They are highly ritualistic, part of a religious ceremony, and only vitalized by intimate contact with it. They are plays with close and intricate associations. That is partially true of the drama of Æschylus and of our Mysteries. But they not only exist as works of art by means of their native force, but they can reach us through a more direct method of transformation. And the literary value of the purely aristocratic "Noh" seems to us too tenuous (from our point of view) to endure their violent metamorphosis. Besides, their effect depended largely upon visual song and dance.

AN IMMORTAL ACHIEVEMENT.

"The First Seven Divisions: Being an Account of the Fighting from Mons to Ypres." By Lord ERNEST HAMILTON. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s. net.)

The opening stages of the war still remain the most obscure. It was in these early days that reputations with an unearned increment of several decades were tried in the fire; yet little more than a rough conception of the result is accessible, even after two years. No nation has suffered so much as ours from the anonymity and repression of those days. Through the cloud of disaster which enveloped the operations on the Western Front the British Army showed up but vaguely, generally retreating or failing to secure positions such as the Bridge of Condé, which seemed eminently easy to the civilian. With a far better appreciation of the force of Germany, the tendency now is to oscillate between a wonder how our small Expeditionary Force could have done what it did and a wonder that it did what is on record.

Little by little it is borne in upon us that the Army which left these shores to assist the French was the finest unit that has ever taken the field. From one angle, indeed, the story of its exploits from Mons to Ypres is all triumph. We see brigades used like army corps, battalions like brigades, companies like battalions. Everywhere in which a mere handful of men can be found, is a nucleus force capable of swift and skilfully-directed effort. Even the first recruit who opened the battle of Mons by putting to flight a Uhlan patrol, or rather the half that survived his rifle, is typical of the coolness and initiative that characterized the whole Army. The two brigades which held the loop of the Mons Canal, a death-trap if ever there was one, gave an enduring example of its quality. Lieutenant Dease, who, though wounded five times, held a bridgehead until he was carried from his post, had a compeer in Private Godley, who, however, had better luck. These brigades of Smith-Dorrien's command bore the brunt of the fight, Haig's corps lying back from Mons almost at right angles to the line of the canal; and the execution they inflicted upon the Germans is shown by their slowness to follow up the retreat. It was a line in the rear that the British had to abandon because of the French retreat. The Mons battle was a delaying action, as, indeed, was the whole three months' struggle, in a sense.

But the Frémeries-Paturages position was meant to be held for some time. Compelled to retire to the Valenciennes-Maubeuge line, the Army made the best of it, fighting skilful rearguard actions until the Le Cateau position was reached. There again Smith-Dorrien's corps had to bear the stress of the fighting, the 1st corps being compelled to stand on three occasions on the east of the Forêt de Mormal, and, therefore, being far away when the critical action of the retreat took place. In these small actions the worst enemy of the British was fatigue. The troops were dead beat. "The reservists' boots were all too small, and their feet swelled horribly. Hundreds fell out from absolute exhaustion." The Germans who had made their plans with a view to a war in modern organized territory, sent their advance guards ahead in motors, so that they not only travelled more quickly, but arrived at given points fresh. At the Cateau position Smith-Dorrien, with three worn-out British divisions, had to stand against seven German divisions with an overwhelming supply of artillery. The trenches, dug by French women, were too short, and many faced the wrong way. Entrenching tools had been discarded, and the men had to use hands and mess tins to scoop out the earth to make the trenches efficient. When the troops had endured the unequal conflict as long as they could, a general retirement was ordered; but some battalions failed to receive orders and stood till they were wiped out. But the effect of the stand was such that the Germans did not press their pursuit, and the troops came to the end of their retreat with Smith-Dorrien's corps already weakened by the loss of 350 officers and 9,200 men.

The advance to the Aisne saw no British battle, though there were daily skirmishes with the German rearguards. But the passage of the Aisne was different, and Haig's corps fought a battle about Troyon that was admittedly one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. When the sugar factory had been taken at Troyon the troops evacuated it, and had the amusing experience of seeing it battered to dust by the German shells. But this advanced position perched the British right on an eminence some distance ahead of the

rest of the line. After nearly a month's battering at the German positions on the Aisne, the British Army began to trek northwards to the open flank north of La Bassée. The troops were not long out of the line before they found themselves faced by the same heavy odds. The immortal 7th Division here wrote their imperishable record. Falling back from their roving commission through Southern Belgium with communications in the air, they came to the position east of Ypres, and were ordered to take Menin. This episode, which met with scant justice from Sir John French, here falls into a fairer orientation. The 22nd Brigade was actually on the way when its orders were changed, because two fresh German army corps had been detected advancing from the direction of Courtrai. It would have been criminal folly for Rawlinson to have sent the brigade forward under such conditions.

As it was, the division fell back to undergo three weeks' desperate fighting against numbers that were rarely less than six times their own, on an extended line. That the Ypres line stands where it does is no little due to them. They were splendid men, and they performed a task that seems impossible. When they were withdrawn, out of the 12,000 men who had taken the field but 2,336 remained, and there were only 44 officers of the 400 that had been originally in command. But the crisis at Ypres had practically passed. There remained the onslaught of the Prussian Guard, and then the lines settled down.

The record of these days reads in one way like a long list of casualties. Indeed, as a result of the three months' fighting the original Army had almost ceased to exist. Yet even this seems a congruous ending to what is, justly, an epic. The non-commissioned officers and men of this wonderful Army acted with the heroism, and even with much of the tactical finesse and assurance, of the commissioned ranks. They fought till they fell; but they left their mark upon history. Lord Ernest Hamilton's narrative differs from others that have appeared in the detail that gives reality. We are confronted no longer by units, but by *people* we know, by the Black Watch, Irish Guards, and so on. Brilliant achievements are attributed to definite officers and men, and so the story becomes a living picture. The author seldom loses his sense of proportion, and his narrative gains in power from its restrained and artless simplicity. It is, indeed, a soldier's record, appealing all the more for that reason to a nation that is now in arms. But Lord Ernest's gibe at war correspondents is the less intelligible because his book is testimony to what their class can achieve at its best. War is not a game of chess, and the least that is due to those whose loved ones are in this deadly peril is that they should know the deathless deeds the soldiers are performing. It is to Lord Ernest's praise that he has achieved this for the Expeditionary Force which first held up the German army.

KNOWLEDGE AND WORK.

"Eclipse or Empire." By H. B. GRAY and SAMUEL TAYLOR. (Nisbet. 2s. net.)

EVERY reasonably well-informed person is aware that as a nation Great Britain has within the last generation fallen behind in many branches of industry and commerce. Nor are the chief causes obscure. Science and organization have come to play parts of increasing importance, and we have flouted these instruments of progress. England is no longer the workshop of the world. We are not even the "nation of shopkeepers" Napoleon once described us as being. We have all been trying to become gentlemen and sportsmen, the play-boys of the Western World. When success depended on fisticuffs, rude physical energy, nerve, assurance, and common sense, Great Britain won a sort of world-supremacy in the arts of government, colonization, trade, and industry. Pacific insularity amid a world of strife and rich natural resources were great allies. But we could fairly claim that British character and qualities were great determinants of our success. Now the struggle for higher stages of industrial and commercial progress requires finer intellectual qualities and more earnestness of purpose than we have hitherto displayed. Such businesses as engineering, chemicals, electricity, have become of central importance, and success in these demands both from our employing and our skilled

mechanic classes standards of knowledge and mental training which we have not been willing to attain. We have been a nation of disbelievers in education as a serious and general requirement. We have looked upon it rather as a decorative element in the life of the well-to-do, than as the spring of progress in the life of the nation. Other nations have adapted themselves more effectively to the requirements of the age—Germany and America in particular among the great nations—and have reaped the natural fruits of their superior energy and industry.

A large part of this volume consists of a glossary, giving the detailed evidence for this gloomy diagnosis of British slackness in the leading branches of industry. It is designed to demonstrate the statement:—

"That during the last forty years, most of the inventions, new ideas, and developments, have been given to the world by countries other than our own; furthermore, that their value has been more quickly appreciated and put to practical use in foreign lands."

Now the latter part of this statement deserves more serious consideration than the former. Considering that our population is only a small fraction of the population of the civilized world, why should it be expected that most of the new inventions, ideas, and developments should be ours? For a couple of generations, in which we had a clear start of the rest of the world in the processes of Industrial Revolution, we contributed far more than our proportionate share. But when all the civilized nations had entered the era of scientific industry, it was reasonable to expect that our share would continually diminish, as in fact it has. Indeed, the writers of this volume do themselves and their readers a wrong by suggesting that it is possible for Great Britain to recover her lost "industrial supremacy." Prosperity and happiness do not require supremacy. The word has, both for politics and commerce, a malign significance. What we want is that our people shall do as well as they are capable of doing in industry, as in the other arts of life.

But that we have been slower than we ought to learn, appreciate, and apply the contributions made by the science and experience of other nations, and that this slowness is attributable to mental sloth in our employing and controlling classes, there can be no question. This consideration gives real importance to the bold and valuable discussions of our educational needs which are rightly made the central feature of the reform proposals in this book. Though there is nothing novel in these chapters, the presentation of our urgent requirements is exceedingly impressive. They are based primarily upon an intelligent study of the psychology of children, and the damage inflicted by over-pressure on the one hand, ill-directed and ill-correlated instruction on the other. It is not only the schooling for the working-classes, it is equally that of the upper-classes that is radically vicious, and in many different ways. Though the neglect of "Science," even of the most elementary knowledge of biology, stands out prominent among the defects of curriculum, it is only one among many of our wastes of intellectual opportunity.

The real difficulty, of course, is not to obtain a recognition of these defects, but to focus the required amount of reforming energy at the points of resistance. For the vested interests of mis-education have built an elaborate wire-entanglement of sophistical defences. That is one obstacle. The other, even more formidable, is the lack of intellectual curiosity or interest in things of the mind prevalent in all classes of South Britain. Here is work for the intellectual revivalist—to preach the saving faith of knowledge.

Our writers have also some plain truths to tell business men about organization and their attitude towards labor. Business efficiency must mainly depend upon pacific and energetic co-operation between employer and employed. That can only be got by making every employee a sharer in the prosperity of the business in which he works. How this condition can be achieved is not clear. Nor do our writers throw much light upon the practical means of attaining it. But it is something if they can impress upon the most intelligent of their readers the all-importance of this problem in the coming era of business reconstruction. "Eclipse or Empire," as its title might imply, overabounds in rhetoric. But, for all that, it contains a great deal of valuable advice, and its glossary is a mine of well-assembled information.

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

"April Folly." By ST. JOHN LUCAS. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

"Olga Bardel." By STACY AUMONIER. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

It is good to have an artistic temperament, but it is bad to use it as a temperament. The latter clause has, indeed, become old-fashioned. Gone is the lily-worshipper of the 'nineties; gone or going the casual exquisite with tapering fingers who fashions jewelled phrases about the conventions of bourgeois marriage; gone the half-angel and half-child, remote, infallible, and spoiled by indulgent and elderly maiden-ladies; gone too (except in America) the gourmand who devours mistresses like oysters. Novelists, in fact, are beginning to treat the artist not as a scapegoat, an enigma, or a sensitive plant, but as healthy reality. Legends still persist of the terrific debaucheries of the early Elizabethan dramatists—Nash, Greene, Lodge, Peele, and their fellows. The really notable thing about these worthies is not their depravity, but their industry. So with the modern artist. He is usually an extremely serious, temperate, unhappy, and hard-working creature, struggling desperately to realize his artistic conscience against the overwhelming odds imposed by the outside world. The other kind of artist is gradually being replaced by the "bouncer," "thruster," and "booster," who writes journales.

It is these considerations which lend a peculiar interest to the two novels of Mr. Lucas and Mr. Aumonier. In both of them the artist is the dominant figure, and in neither of them is he a rosy illusion or a nightmare. The paper-cover of "April Folly" declares that Denis Yorke is "an impressionable, romantic, and Quixotic musician, to whom many emotional calamities naturally fall." Happily he is nothing of the sort. He is sober-minded and well-intentioned, even to priggishness. He is the last man in the world to correspond to the fetish of impulsiveness. On the contrary, the whole psychological meaning of the book is centred upon his conscientious indecision as to whether he is or is not in love with Yvonne. Yvonne, who is of the "semper mutabile" class, devotes all her intelligence and charm to weaning him from his tepid and quite average attachment to Rachel, a frank and agreeable one in a frank and agreeable ten thousand. She succeeds; but, finding her volatile temperament to consort so ill with his own conservatism that he is driven almost distracted, she heroically renounces him. Her renunciation reads very dubiously when it comes to real values, and Mr. Lucas never quite succeeds in making her convincing. Still she is a good foil to both Denis and Rachel, and our sympathies are with her, without being violently removed from the ingenuous Denis. It is a lively book, and the dialogue is particularly fresh and well-managed. And it is an unfamiliar pleasure to read an author who keeps all his characters under such judicious critical control.

Mr. Aumonier is known to a discriminating few as a genuine painter in water-color, and it is only recently that, as Fleet Street would put it, he has substituted the pen for the brush. There are many signs in "Olga Bardel" that he has not yet mastered his new instrument of expression. The style is amateurish and slipshod, the construction hesitant, and the movement alternating between speed and leisureliness. And a good deal of the characterization bears the stiff and angular stamp of immaturity. But there is something at the back of it all, something so potentially strong and actually sincere, that one is tempted to believe that such faults and lapses (the more obvious and conspicuous because they are not hidden behind a fancy-dress mask of plausibility) are incidental to an insecure workmanship, rather than due to an essential lack of artistry. The first part of the book, describing Olga's childhood and family, is extremely good. Her sister, Irene, her brothers, Montague and Carl, and her sinister uncle, Gruberhof, all brutalized and atrophied by poverty, mean struggles, and vicious upbringing, are admirably conceived. So is Olga's tentative feeling for music gratified by creeping up to her uncle's room and making a concordance of sound out of the wires and metals of his business. Gruberhof sees commercial possibilities in Olga's music, and after one or two unsuccessful experiments, delivers her over to the Du Cassons, to be exploited for his and their profit. Under their suzerainty (they are portrayed to the life) she endures wearisome years of public advertisement and notoriety,

until a revulsion of true artistic feeling gives her the initiative to escape. Thenceforward the book trails off into inconsequence. Olga marries a dilatory, self-indulgent composer, Harry Streatham, and regrets it. The flaccid Harry runs away with her friend, and Olga, finding her struggle for economic independence and to bring her two children up disagreeable, sells herself in marriage to a rich old connoisseur. It is from this point that we lose interest in Olga. She had borrowed eight hundred pounds in two years from the connoisseur; she had one or two fairly comfortable teaching jobs. Her sacrifice of her finer principles and artistic integrity is not only paltry, but superfluous. And she happened to be in love with John Brayle, a society portrait-painter, whom Mr. Aumonier thinks a good deal more of than we do. For he belongs inflexibly to the old "strong, silent man" type. At any rate, the novel, if it does not go to pieces after Olga's second marriage, is a good deal more than (like the archangel Coleridge) "a little damaged." It would not so much matter, if Mr. Aumonier had allowed Olga to come down from her pedestal. Her earlier development is firm and natural; when she has a great fall, Mr. Aumonier, with all the horses and men of his art, does his utmost to put her together again. The last few pages, when she is supposed to obtain a mystical significance and exhilaration five minutes after her son has gone to the war, are entirely false and pseudo-romantic. "Olga Bardel" is not, indeed, a novel of fulfilment. But there are, as we said, a force, conviction, and artistic feeling behind it that only need to be shaped and guided for a conscious work of art to emerge.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"My Life." By Sir HIRAM S. MAXIM. (Methuen. 16s. net.)

IF Sir Hiram Maxim had been seeking, under an early banner of Mr. Wells, to rout the theory of classification he could hardly have devised heavier ordnance than such a book as this. For Sir Hiram simply defies all attempts at classification. His amazing vitality inevitably wells over each of the conventional categories in which one seeks to place him. Gas engines interested him for a time, until he had made some appreciable advance. Then it was electric lamps, and he initiated the method, now so widely used, of preparing carbon filaments by heating them in an atmosphere of hydrocarbon vapor. He constructed searchlights, invented methods for preparing pure phosphoric anhydride for the absorption of aqueous vapor in lamps, and so on. It was not long before he had actually invented the first automatic gun of practical value. The gun brought him fame. He was commissioned to adapt his gun for various Governments. He arranged the original "Maxim" which fired eleven shots per second so that its rate of fire could be regulated. A gun, exhibited at Versailles, would fire at all rates from 650 to one per minute, much to the astonishment of the military experts. There is hardly a page of this "Life" which is without its own special interest, and without its function in limning the outlines of a wholly vital personality which is all the more engaging that it is not a little naive.

"Ocean Traffic and Trade." By B. OLNEY HOUGH. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

TRADE and commerce, it may be granted, are not easily made the subject of a volume which would be described as "entertaining"; but when, in his brief preface, the author speaks of the "certain glamor that still attaches to the shipping business," the reader who reads to learn, but at the same time hopes to find his task lightened, will be disappointed if he looks for reflections in this book of some of that romance which grows with the rust and barnacles on the sides of the ocean tramp. He would certainly require to be gifted with abnormal imagination to be fascinated by what the publishers describe as "a complete cyclopædia of the foreign shipping business." If a collection of information on nearly every matter likely to

concern American shippers, from the length of the wharves at San Francisco to a specimen of the parcel receipt issued by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, constitutes a cyclopædia, the work is entitled to the name. But a cyclopædia, to be of any value, should be arranged for convenient reference, and not in a form which suggests easy reading. A good index might reconcile the mere seeker after facts in its four hundred odd pages, but the index is far from doing justice to the contents, for the author may certainly be given the credit for having compressed a great amount of matter into a comparatively small space.

"The Roll Call of Serving Women." By MARY FRANCES BILLINGTON. (Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.)

ANY attempt to form an estimate of the services called forth by the war from a particular section of our society—as, for example, the predominant and unacknowledged class of citizens with whom this book deals—lays its author under the necessity of making a study in still life from material which, in fact, is moving and developing. The past, if it does not always fall into perspective, can be reduced to proportion by an artist's hand. It needs a more philosophic eye, under the instant pressure of events, to discriminate between the ephemeral and the significant, and to select what is essential to a history of woman's position in time of war from an inexhaustible series of devoted acts. But the book contains a quantity of anecdotes, a full selection of names of women who have performed acts of philanthropy on a large scale, and some extremely interesting letters from nurses, which show that the cult of cleanliness, even in hospitals, remains to some extent a distinctly British creed.

"Attila and the Huns." By EDWARD HUTTON. (Constable. 6s. net.)

MR. HUTTON's volume gives the impression at first of being intended for the serious student of history and the classical scholar, for a third of the space is taken up with setting forth extracts from the authorities cited, from Ammianus Marcellinus, the Roman historian of the fourth century, and Priscus the Sophist, who was an envoy to Attila, to Jornandes and Duchesne. But the matter is treated from the point of view of the general reader, and the style is light and descriptive; it is to be feared that those who are attracted by the narrative, and it is more a narrative than a history, will not appreciate seventy-five pages of solid Latin. On the other hand, the passages translated are lively and vivid descriptions, and help very much in reconstructing a picture of the time.

"Cities in Evolution: An Introduction to the Town-planning Movement and to the Study of Civics." By PATRICK GEDDES. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.)

IF a good book is a starting-point rather than a conclusion for thinking, then we owe Professor Geddes a debt for "Cities in Evolution." Even at this time, when the energies of the Western world seem to be devoted to destruction and the devising of new means of destruction, it is well that a few can keep alive the constructive imagination which, we hope, we shall some day use. But the construction, or reconstruction, which may follow upon the war must be based upon established fact and normal life, not upon legal systems and treaties. Make men happier, and they will be less eager for such destructive adventure as war; give them greater freedom and relief from the deadly monotony of the industrial town and they will not readily believe in the militarists. The regeneration of Germany, as of England, must come from the reinterpretation of city life; and in this we cannot overestimate the effect of surroundings. It is not because of any ready-made plan or officialized programme for town-planning that this book is valuable, but rather because it contains admirable suggestions as to the nature of the material we have to work upon and as to the methods which may be most effective in rebuilding this hatefully monotonous, characterless, and already half-decayed city world in which most of us live.

Are you reading Eclipse or Empire?

by H. B. GRAY and SAMUEL TURNER.

If not—

The following is a brief summary of the book:
BUY IT TO-DAY.

THIS book has been written for the Man in the Street in the endeavour to show him what is happening to the Empire to which he belongs.

* * *

Half-a-century ago England was the workshop of the world. But since 1881 the momentum of the nation has been getting less and less. Our industrial supremacy has been threatened and in part usurped by alien Powers. An alarming percentage of the new ideas which have been given to the world during the past forty years have come from nations other than our own. In many key industries we are dependent on our enemies. We have no systematized interplay between our scientists and our industries worth mentioning. We have more creative genius than any race, yet we allow our rivals to exploit our best ideas.

* * *

The book seeks to encourage further inquiry into this deplorable state of affairs; to concentrate public thought upon the problem—not to depress but to arouse. *There must be "war after war,"* but not so much upon our enemies or our rivals as upon *ourselves*.

* * *

Unless something is done Great Britain, however victorious in arms, will sink into the position of a second-class Power.

* * *

Education is the burden of the writers' song. In their opinion the root cause of all that makes for national decay—warping political foresight, throttling the Civil Service with infinite folds of red tape, fossilizing High Command, narrowing the purview of social life in all grades, and shrivelling industrial fruitfulness in employer and employed alike—is to be found in the lack of a proper system of education for all classes in the land. On our national education, vested interests, tradition and prejudice have, for many generations laid paralyzing hands.

* * *

This is not a collection of musty facts dragged from museums and encyclopædias. The material comes red-hot from office and factory, the evidence produced to prove the writers' case is given by men actively engaged in the various industries under review.

And this glossary of evidence is the most terrible indictment of our educational system, which has done so much to nullify the inventive genius of the greatest Empire that the world has ever seen.

Don't fail to read it.

ECLIPSE OR EMPIRE?
NOW ON SALE—326 PAGES 2/- NET
NISBETS'

C.F.H.—W.I.

Macmillan's New Books.

SIR T. H. HOLDICH'S NEW WORK.

Political Frontiers & Boundary Making.

By Col. Sir THOMAS H. HOLDICH, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B., D.Sc., Author of "The Gates of India." 8vo. 10s. net.

Country Life.—"Sir Thomas Holdich has written a valuable and timely book. Whatever be the outcome of the war, it must result in a great readjustment of boundaries, and it is of great advantage to have the principle discussed beforehand in a large-minded and philosophic manner."

GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES.—NEW VOL.

Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy.

Pot 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

W. B. YEATS'S NEW WORKS.

Responsibilities and other Poems.

By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

Reveries over Childhood and Youth.

By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

* * * The other works of Mr. Yeats are now published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

MAURICE HEWLETT'S

NEW LONG NOVEL.

Love and Lucy.

5s. net.

The Globe.—"The story is a triumph of Mr. Hewlett's characteristic style."

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S

NEW LONG NOVEL.

The Wave: An Egyptian Aftermath.

Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

The Russian Story Book.

Containing Tales from the Song-Cycles of Kiev and Novgorod and Other Early Sources. Retold by Richard Wilson, D.Litt. With Sixteen Colored Plates and also Line Illustrations from Drawings by Frank C. Papé. Fcap. 4to. 7s. 6d. net.

The Three Pearls.

By the Hon. J. W. FORTESCUE, Author of "The Story of a Red Deer," "The Drummer's Coat," &c. With illustrations by Alice B. Woodward. Fcap. 4to. 6s. net.

MRS. MOLESWORTH.

Edmée: A Tale of the French Revolution.

By Mrs. MOLESWORTH. Illustrated by Gertrude Demain Hammond. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

BIBLES AND

PRAYER BOOKS

For PRIZES, &c.

The London Bible Warehouse, 22, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Have the Largest and best Selection in London. We specialise in Bibles, Prayer Books, Church Services, etc., for Clergy, Congregation, and the Children.

Please write, 'phone, or call. List sent post free. TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 320.

ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION SOCIETY

is holding, under the Patronage of

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN,
the 11th EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ARTS
AND CRAFTS

at the ROYAL ACADEMY.

DAILY TILL NOVEMBER 25th, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

ADMISSION 1/-

President—H. WILSON.

Hon. Secretary—Professor E. S. PRIOR, A.R.A.

"British Birds." Vol. III. Written and Illustrated by A. THORBURN, F.Z.S. (Longmans. 4 vols. £6 6s. net.)

THE third volume of Mr. Thorburn's series of colored plates covers for the most part the ducks and geese. Though the species are nearly fifty in number, the class has been so largely domesticated by man that there are few that cannot be identified on the waters of our public parks. Those who take up this handsome volume in which the portraits of so many of our old friends appear will regret more than ever the war-economy that has driven some of our town councils, with the London County Council, to diminish the numbers of their waterfowl. Ducks are a far-wandering class, and it is hard to quarrel with the claim to label any of these British, though such an one as the harlequin, for example, may have had its passage considerably assisted by man. At any rate, the title of any is better from that point of view than either of the four pheasants that Mr. Thorburn figures, or of Reeves's pheasant, which he omits. The illustrations are all that can reasonably be desired as to plumage. In anatomy they are not so happy. There is much more character in the bird's eye than Mr. Thorburn seems to have found.

* * *

"A Citizen Army: The Swiss System." By JULIAN GRANDE. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d. net.)

A good and clear account of the Swiss military system would be particularly welcome at this time, but unfortunately Mr. Grande's description tells us much less about the system than about Mr. Grande's own views on a number of questions. Every man is liable to service during a period of twenty-nine years: from twenty to thirty-three in the first line, from thirty-three to forty-one in the second, and from forty-one to forty-eight in the third. The actual military training is brief: for an infantry-man less than six months. But voluntary training in gymnastics and rifle shooting is pretty well universal. For example, of the 30,000 youths who became liable for military service in 1912, 91 per cent. had passed gymnastic tests. Military training is much more agreeable if you have prepared for it in this way, and gymnastics and rifle-shooting are the national amusements, taking the place of cricket and football here. That the system is admirably suited to the circumstances and character of the Swiss people nobody can doubt. How far its main features are appropriate to other countries is another question. But one important principle of this system, as of the Australian, is certainly fortified by our experience in the war. It is that a great part of the accomplishments of a soldier can be acquired elsewhere than on the drill ground.

The Week in the City.

So many sensational events have happened during the past few days that the City and the Stock Exchange have been quite distracted. In spite of the flurry in New York, following on rumors of peace proposals and then on the semi-panic caused by the outbreak of German submarine activity in the Atlantic, there has been little business on the London Stock Exchange. It is generally recognized in banking circles that the war must continue to be financed for some time by short-term borrowing. There is a sort of apathy which stands in

the way of a great loan, and there is less need of a funding operation than in France. The Russian Exchange has been weak, and the French has also gone against Paris. Anglo-Swedish commercial relations have been a source of anxiety, and satisfaction was felt in the City on Wednesday, when it became known that an important deputation of Swedish financiers is likely to visit London. But most attention has, of course, been given to the situation in the United States, and to the rival policies of President Wilson and Mr. Hughes. Meanwhile, the wheat trade is in a chaotic condition on the sensational announcement that the Government is about to take over the wheat supplies by means of a Commission on the model of that which took over the sugar business at the beginning of the war.

THE RUBBER MARKET.

One of the first departments of the Stock Exchange to recover from the shock caused by the issue of 6 per cent. Exchequer Bonds has been the Rubber Market. There was, of course, a temporary reaction, but the effect on prices was very slight, and soon the steady investment buying, which has been going on with few interruptions for so many months, became apparent, and, as before, the feature of the market is the steady demand from the provinces. Presumably London is furnishing the supply. Many of the shares of the thoroughly sound companies give a return of 10 per cent., and investors who have put a large proportion of their capital into Exchequer Bonds and other Government loans are naturally reserving a small part for investment in shares which will help to raise the average yield. Recent company reports are excellent, and that of Messrs. Harrisons & Crosfield, whose name has become a household word in rubber circles, shows a profit, after allowing for excess profit tax, of £154,300. This is only £2,000 higher than last year, but as the excess profits duty probably absorbs a considerable sum, the result is really much better. The dividends of 10 per cent. on the Preferred and 500 per cent. on the Management shares are maintained, but special allocations amount to £54,800, against £50,500 a year ago, the balance carried forward being practically unchanged. The world's demand for rubber is expanding at a great pace, the consumption in America alone having more than doubled in the two years of war, and when peace is declared requirements will be heavier still. There is thus little danger of over-production during the next few years.

JAPANESE DEBT CANCELLATION.

The announcement on Tuesday by the Yokohama Specie Bank that a further £320,000 of the First Series Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Bonds and £180,000 of the second series have been purchased by the Japanese Government for cancellation, brings the total of Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Bonds cancelled since the war up to £5,271,500. Japan is, of course, the only belligerent country which has been able to improve its financial position as a result of the war. While the cost of military operations has been comparatively small, increased trade, both from the manufacture of munitions and through the absence of German competition, has greatly improved Japanese credit. The yield on the Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Bonds, allowing for redemption in 1925, is just under 5½ per cent. Holders, however, can add another ½ per cent. to their income under the Treasury's B scheme, in which the bonds are scheduled.

LUCELLUM.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Funds £23,400,000

"An old and first-class office." "Low rates a distinctive feature."—*The Times*.

Chief Offices: LONDON, 61, Threadneedle Street; EDINBURGH, 64, Princes Street.

ing
een
lo-
ty,
en
ish
ion
ted
Mr.
on-
rn-
of
the

to
nt.
as,
vas
ich
hs,
set
oly
he
t.,
tal
are
res
ny
&
in
ofit
ar,
er-
of
he
ns
ace
d's
on-
he
nts
er-

cie
a-
ve
la-
ds
of
to
ile
ll,
nd
ly
alf
st
 $\frac{1}{2}$
in

=
■
■
■
0